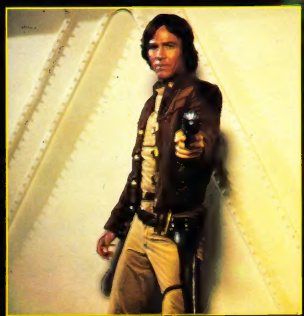
MissioN GALACTICA™

The Cylon Attack



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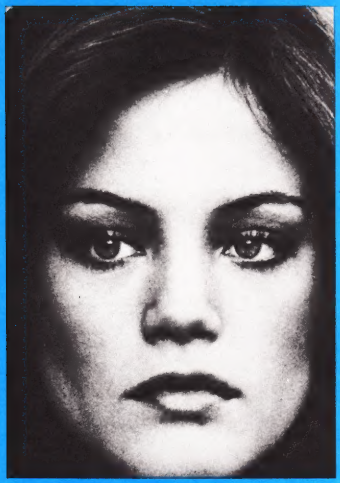

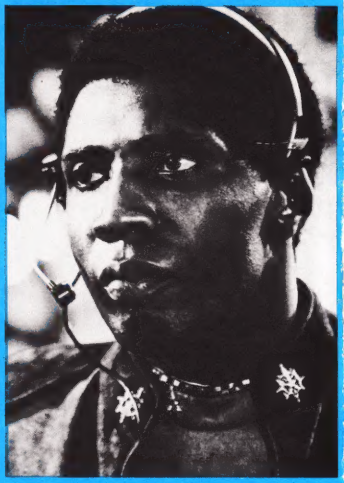

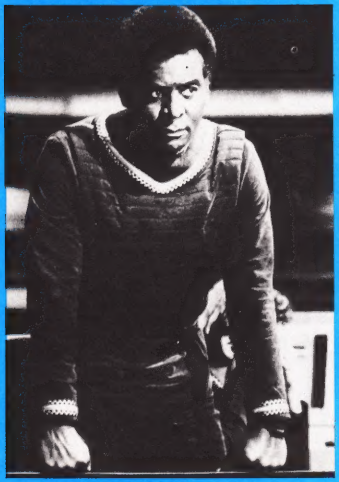

MISSION GALACTICA*™

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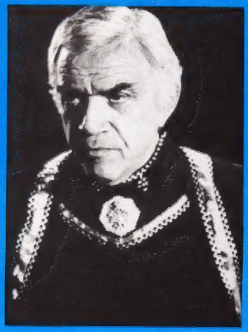

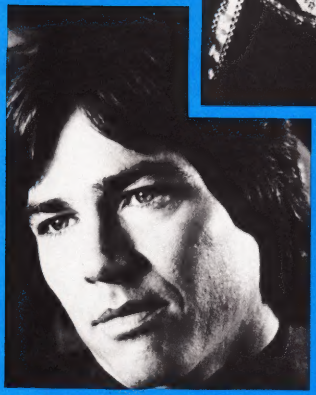

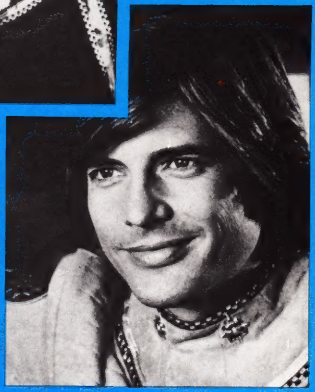

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SWITCH in SPACE

AS THE GALACTICA AND THE CONVOY IT PROTECTS MOVE SLOWLY ON THROUGH BARELY CHARTED SPACE IN SEARCH OF THE LOST PLANET, EARTH, COMMANDER ADAMA AND COLONEL TIGH FIND THEMSELVES ONCE MORE FACING THE UNKNOWN...
I'VE NEVER SEEN A SHIP DESIGNED LIKE THAT BEFORE, TIGH! AT LEAST IT'S NOT CYLON...
IT'S NOT BUILT BY HUMANS EITHER... BUT THERE DOESN'T SEEM TO BE ANY SIGN OF LIFE AT ALL...
AND WHEN CAPTAIN APOLLO AND HIS SISTER, ATHENA, ARE CALLED TO THE BRIDGE...
WHERE DID THAT COME FROM, FATHER? I DIDN'T THINK THERE WERE ANY INHABITED PLANETS IN THIS SECTOR...
NEITHER DID WE, ATHENA...THAT'S WHY I WANT YOU AND APOLLO TO TAKE A SHUTTLE-CRAFT OVER THERE AND FIND OUT MORE...
AND SO, SHORTLY AFTERWARDS...
INSTRUMENTS SHOW A BREATHABLE ATMOSPHERE IN THERE, APOLLO... BUT I'M STILL GETTING NO REPLY TO MY RADIO SIGNALS...
IT MIGHT BE JUST A DEAD HULK...

AND THERE IS NO SIGN OF ATTACK AS THE SHUTTLE-CRAFT MAKES ITS FINAL DOCKING...
OKAY, ATHENA... OPEN UP THE DOOR AND LET'S SEE WHAT WE'VE GOT HERE...
THEN, AS THE AIRLOCKS OPEN...
NOTHING... BUT YOU'D BETTER STAY BEHIND ME, ATHENA, JUST IN CASE...
NO NEED TO PULL THE BIG BROTHER ACT, APOLLO... I CAN LOOK AFTER MYSELF...
BUT JUST THEN...
WE'RE ON OUR WAY BACK, FATHER... THE ENTIRE CREW'S DEAD... LOOKS LIKE IT WAS SOME SORT OF DISEASE...
BUT APOLLO IS NOT THE ONLY ONE CONCERNED ABOUT SAFETY...
IT'S TEN MINUTES SINCE THEY WENT IN THERE, TIGH... AND WE HAVEN'T HEARD A WORD!
PERHAPS WE'VE WAITED LONG ENOUGH, COMMANDER... DO YOU WANT TO SEND ANOTHER SHUTTLE?
BUT ONCE THE PAIR GET INTO THE GALACTICA'S LABYRINTHINE CORRIDORS...
HELLO, BOYS! CAN YOU GIVE ME A HAND WITH THIS...?
SURE, ATHENA... WHAT'S THE PROBLEM...
AND AS THE SHUTTLE RETURNS...
YOU TWO HAD BETTER REPORT FOR DECONTAMINATION AND MEDICAL CHECKS! WE'LL GET A FULL TEAM OVER THERE WHEN WE'VE GOT THE RESULTS...
ALL RIGHT... WE'RE ON OUR WAY...

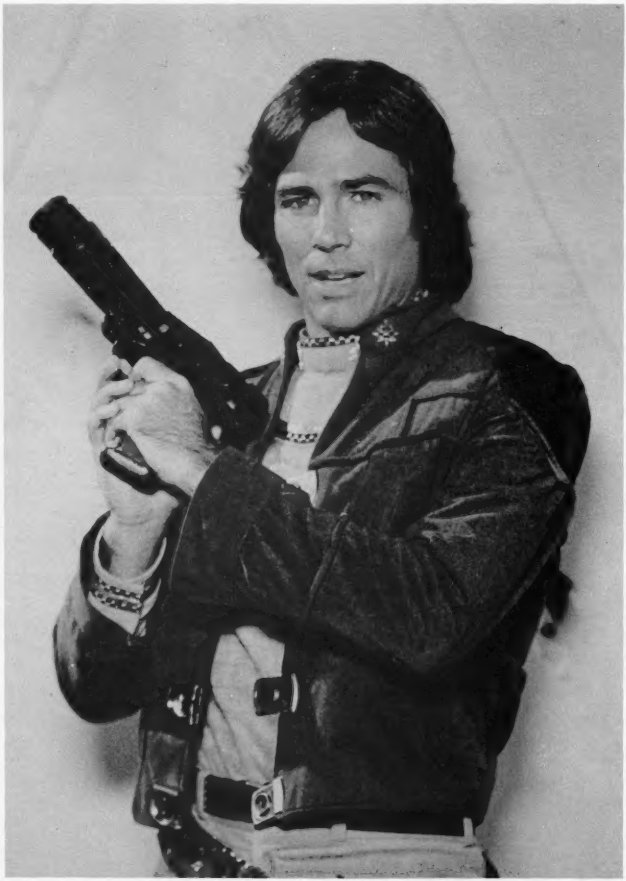
OH THERE'S NO PROBLEM...
NOT NOW, ANYWAY...
AARGH!
UUGH!
BUT ASTONISHINGLY, A COUPLE OF MINUTES LATER AT THE SHIP'S WATER RECYCLING PLANT...
HELLO, RINT... EDIK... WHAT'S UP?
JUST A ROUTINE CHECK... WON'T BE A MOMENT...
BUT THIS IS PERHAPS MORE THAN JUST ROUTINE...
ALL RIGHT?
YEAH... IT'S DONE...
AND MOMENTS AFTER THE MEN HAVE LEFT...
WHAT..? COME IN, BRIDGE... THIS IS DAMON IN THE WATER-PLANT! WE'VE GOT POISON IN THE TANKS...
AND I THINK RINT AND EDIK MUST BE RESPONSIBLE...
AND AS THE ALARM RINGS OUT, STARBUCK AND BOOMER ARE FIRST AMONG THE SEARCH PARTIES...
HEY, BOOMER... LOOK! IT'S THEM!
AW, MY HEAD... WHAT HAPPENED? I REMEMBER TALKING TO ATHENA...
THEN SOMETHING HIT ME...
YOU WERE WITH ATHENA? BUT SHE'S SUPPOSED TO BE IN MEDICAL...
HEY, LOOK! IT'S... US!
OH-OH! RUN FOR IT!

GET 'EM ON STUN, BOOMER! I WANT TO TALK TO THOSE TWO!
VOKK!
VOKK!
YOU AND ME BOTH!
BUT AS THE MEN LOSE CONSCIOUSNESS, A STARTLING TRANSFORMATION...
WHAT IN... LOOK AT THAT! THESE AREN'T RINT AND EDIK AT ALL! SOME KIND OF ALIEN...
THEY'RE SHAPE-CHANGERS! THEY CAN TAKE ANY FORM THEY LIKE... AND YOU CAN'T TELL THEM FROM THE REAL PERSON!
AND, AS SECURITY MEN ARE CALLED TO DEAL WITH THE ALIENS...
SO THE 'APOLLO' AND 'ATHENA' WHO CAME BACK FROM THAT SHIP... WEREN'T THEM AT ALL! THE REAL ONES ARE PROBABLY STILL OVER THERE...
SO, DO WE JUST BUST STRAIGHT IN THERE... OR WAIT FOR ORDERS?
WHAT DO YOU THINK?
AND, BEFORE THEY CAN BE STOPPED, A SHUTTLE-CRAFT HEADS OUT TOWARD THE ALIEN SHIP...
YOU REALISE ADAMA'LL HAVE OUR HIDES FOR THIS, STARBUCK...!
ONLY IF WE'VE GOT IT WRONG, BUDDY! LET'S GO... AND KEEP YOUR FINGER ON THE TRIGGER...!

AND, AFTER A BRIEF SEARCH...
AH, VROALG AND VELOR... YOU'RE BACK! SLOUGH OFF THOSE UGLY HUMAN BODIES AND TELL ME IF YOU WERE SUCCESSFUL!
SURE WE WERE SUCCESSFUL...
BUT WE'RE NOT VROALG AND VELOR... AND WE'RE NOT UGLY!
AAUUKK!
STARBUCK! BOOMER! IT'S REALLY YOU!
AND THEN...
THEY JUMPED US BEFORE WE HAD TIME TO GET A MESSAGE BACK... PUT US IN SEPARATE CELLS...
THEN THEY MUST HAVE ATHENA SOMEWHERE CLOSE... LET'S FIND HER WHILE WE'VE STILL GOT SURPRISE ON OUR SIDE...
BUT SURPRISE NEVER LASTS...
HEY, LOOK! IN HERE!
GOOD GRIEF! STARBUCK...!
BUT AS THE DASHING LIEUTENANT LOOKS INTO THE ROOM...
SAVE ME, STARBUCK! THESE OTHER TWO ARE FAKES!
OH-OH! BETTER LEAVE THIS ONE TO ME, FELLAS!
AND, AS STARBUCK APPROACHES THE FIRST GIRL...
WHAT ARE YOU DOING, STARBUCK? I DON'T UNDERSTAND...
OKAY, LET'S TRY NUMBER TWO...
BUT THE SECOND GIRL DOESN'T UNDERSTAND EITHER... AND THEN...
OKAY, NUMBER THREE...
GET YOUR PAWS OFF ME, STARBUCK, YOU BRUTE!
WAAPP!
I FOUND HER, GANG! BLAST THE OTHERS DOWN!

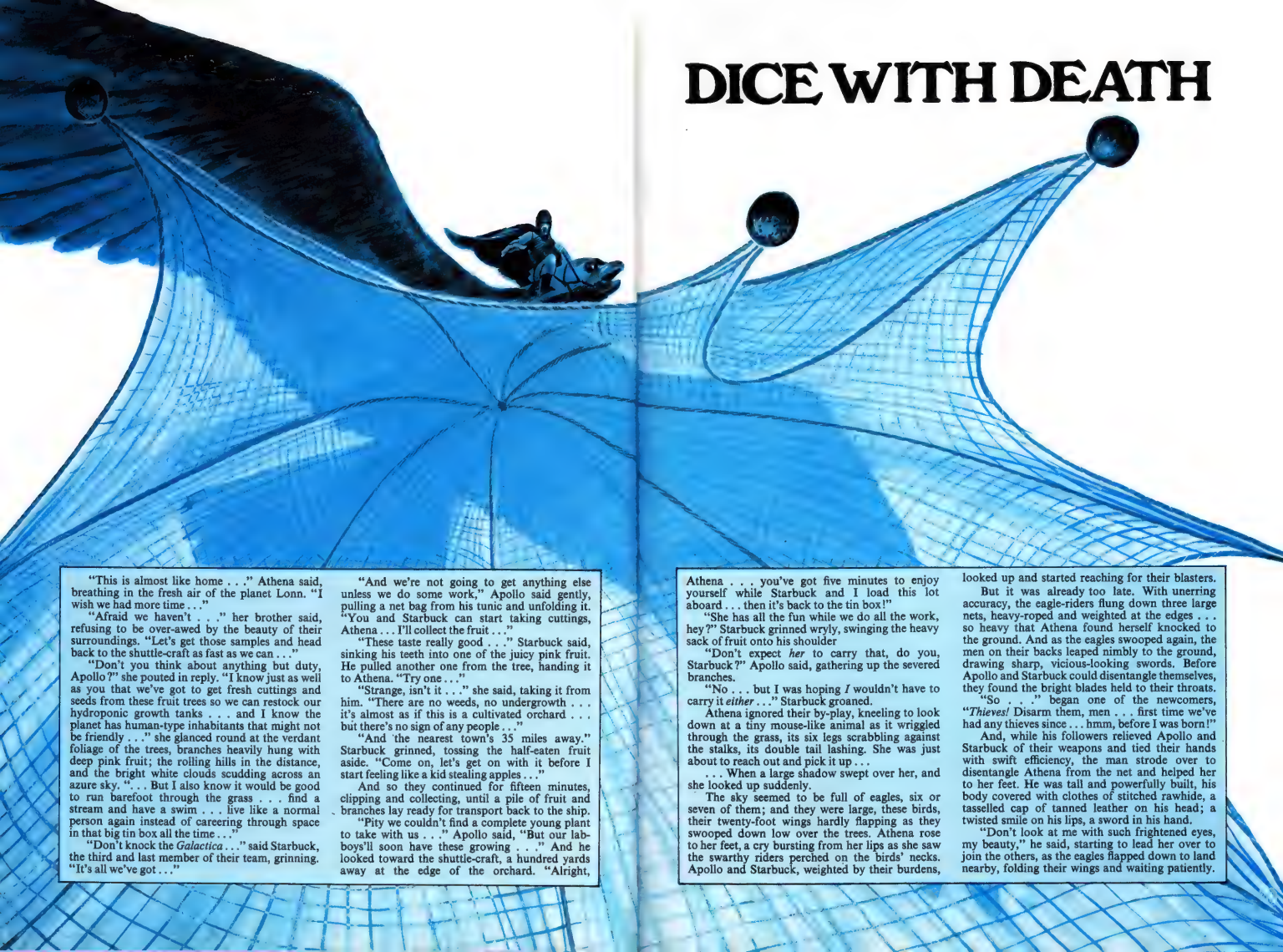
THEN...
IT WAS STRICTLY IN THE LINE OF DUTY, YOU UNDERSTAND, ATHENA!
LIKE HECK IT WAS, STARBUCK! I'LL SEE FATHER BREAKS YOU DOWN TO JANITOR FOR THAT..!
COME ON, ATHENA...I'VE BEEN PUNISHED ALREADY! I HAD TO KISS TWO ALIEN GLOBS BEFORE I FOUND YOU!
HURRY UP, ALL OF YOU! I'M LEAVING THESE GUYS A CALLING CARD!
MOMENTS LATER...
HEY, THAT WAS KIND OF STRONG, WASN'T IT, BOOMER?
OH, YOU KNOW WHAT AN EXPLOSIVE PERSONALITY I'VE GOT..!
AND WHEN ALL ARE SAFELY BACK ABOARD THE GALACTICA...
SO WE'VE TAKEN CARE OF THEM...BUT THEY'VE STILL MANAGED TO POISON THE BIGGEST WATER-PLANT IN THE FLEET...
SO NOW WE'RE GOING TO HAVE TO FIND A PLANET WHERE WE CAN TAKE ON FRESH SUPPLIES...

Captain Apollo



Lt. Starbuck

DICE WITH DEATH



"This is almost like home . . ." Athena said, breathing in the fresh air of the planet Lonn. "I wish we had more time . . ."

"Afraid we haven't . . ." her brother said, refusing to be over-awed by the beauty of their surroundings. "Let's get those samples and head back to the shuttle-craft as fast as we can . . ."

"Don't you think about anything but duty, Apollo?" she pouted in reply. "I know just as well as you that we've got to get fresh cuttings and seeds from these fruit trees so we can restock our hydroponic growth tanks . . . and I know the planet has human-type inhabitants that might not be friendly . . ." she glanced round at the verdant foliage of the trees, branches heavily hung with deep pink fruit; the rolling hills in the distance, and the bright white clouds scudding across an azure sky. ". . . But I also know it would be good to run barefoot through the grass . . . find a stream and have a swim . . . live like a normal person again instead of careering through space in that big tin box all the time . . ."

"Don't knock the *Galactica* . . ." said Starbuck, the third and last member of their team, grinning. "It's all we've got . . ."

"And we're not going to get anything else unless we do some work," Apollo said gently, pulling a net bag from his tunic and unfolding it. "You and Starbuck can start taking cuttings, Athena . . . I'll collect the fruit . . ."

"These taste really good . . ." Starbuck said, sinking his teeth into one of the juicy pink fruit. He pulled another one from the tree, handing it to Athena. "Try one . . ."

"Strange, isn't it . . ." she said, taking it from him. "There are no weeds, no undergrowth . . . it's almost as if this is a cultivated orchard . . . but there's no sign of any people . . ."

"And the nearest town's 35 miles away." Starbuck grinned, tossing the half-eaten fruit aside. "Come on, let's get on with it before I start feeling like a kid stealing apples . . ."

And so they continued for fifteen minutes, clipping and collecting, until a pile of fruit and branches lay ready for transport back to the ship.

"Pity we couldn't find a complete young plant to take with us . . ." Apollo said, "But our lab-boys'll soon have these growing . . ." And he looked toward the shuttle-craft, a hundred yards away at the edge of the orchard. "Alright, Athena . . . you've got five minutes to enjoy yourself while Starbuck and I load this lot aboard . . . then it's back to the tin box!"

"She has all the fun while we do all the work, hey?" Starbuck grinned wryly, swinging the heavy sack of fruit onto his shoulder

"Don't expect *her* to carry that, do you, Starbuck?" Apollo said, gathering up the severed branches.

"No . . . but I was hoping *I* wouldn't have to carry it *either* . . ." Starbuck groaned.

Athena ignored their by-play, kneeling to look down at a tiny mouse-like animal as it wriggled through the grass, its six legs scrabbling against the stalks, its double tail lashing. She was just about to reach out and pick it up . . .

. . . When a large shadow swept over her, and she looked up suddenly.

The sky seemed to be full of eagles, six or seven of them; and they were large, these birds, their twenty-foot wings hardly flapping as they swooped down low over the trees. Athena rose to her feet, a cry bursting from her lips as she saw the swarthy riders perched on the birds' necks. Apollo and Starbuck, weighted by their burdens, looked up and started reaching for their blasters.

But it was already too late. With unerring accuracy, the eagle-riders flung down three large nets, heavy-roped and weighted at the edges . . . so heavy that Athena found herself knocked to the ground. And as the eagles swooped again, the men on their backs leaped nimbly to the ground, drawing sharp, vicious-looking swords. Before Apollo and Starbuck could disentangle themselves, they found the bright blades held to their throats.

"So . . ." began one of the newcomers, "*Thieves!* Disarm them, men . . . first time we've had any thieves since . . . hmm, before I was born!"

And, while his followers relieved Apollo and Starbuck of their weapons and tied their hands with swift efficiency, the man strode over to disentangle Athena from the net and helped her to her feet. He was tall and powerfully built, his body covered with clothes of stitched rawhide, a tasselled cap of tanned leather on his head; a twisted smile on his lips, a sword in his hand.

"Don't look at me with such frightened eyes, my beauty," he said, starting to lead her over to join the others, as the eagles flapped down to land nearby, folding their wings and waiting patiently.

"Who are you?" Athena asked tentatively.

"Miram . . ." the man replied. "Squadron Commander of the Fifth Guardians."

"And what's going to happen to us?"

"You'll be taken for trial, of course . . ." Miram said. "But you needn't worry . . . as I didn't see *you* stealing, I'll only charge you with being an accomplice. Can't do the same for your friends, though . . ."

The other guardians were now pushing Apollo and Starbuck roughly toward the waiting eagles, while Miram led Athena to his own.

"And what's the punishment for theft?" Athena asked. Miram shrugged.

"Have to look it up in the old law-books," Miram said. "Hasn't been any crime on Lonn for more than a century. I seem to remember that theft gets an automatic death sentence . . . but accomplices only get perpetual imprisonment . . . usually with one hand cemented into the wall of the cell . . . so *you* don't have to worry . . ."

"I don't?" Athena said, worriedly, as Miram suddenly lifted her up onto the back of the eagle, and clambered up behind her. And yet she could see he felt there was nothing wrong with the severity of the sentences.

"Don't want you falling off, do we?" Miram continued, wrapping an arm round Athena's waist as the eagle spread its wings. "It's only the other two who are marked for death . . ."

"I'm a thief too," Athena said angrily, as the overweighted eagle lumbered into a run, flapping its huge wings. "Treat me like the others!"

Obviously stunned by her outburst, Miram lapsed into silence as the eagle, so ungainly on the ground, soared gracefully into the air, mighty pinions flapping slowly. Looking down, Athena thought the ground was already a sickeningly long way away.

When the whole squadron was airborne, they wheeled in formation and started moving swiftly over a rolling landscape which would have delighted Athena but for the knowledge of their impending fates. In less than an hour, spent in silence but for the howl of the wind whipping past her ears, the eagle started to descend once again, homing in on a broad open area, already crowded with numerous other gigantic birds, on the edge of a small town.

The buildings were mostly constructed with wood, two or three storeys high and crowded together round a crumbling stone fortress in the centre of the town. When the eagles had landed, Miram took Athena's arm and began leading her through the maze of narrow, twisting alleyways that passed for streets on Lonn. Apollo and Starbuck were escorted along behind her, and from their casual conversation, she realised they still had no idea of the fate awaiting them.

People passing in the street stared at them curiously, but no one stopped to ask what was going on. They all seemed too busy going about their business . . . and the major business on Lonn, as far as she could see from the open frontages of the buildings, was . . .

"Gambling dens!" Starbuck said with soft excitement, his eyes lingering on the rolling dice and spinning wheels he saw in every premise. "Bet they keep you busy . . ." he remarked to the Guardsman at his side.

"Busy?" the man queried. "Why should they?"

"Policing them . . . stopping fights breaking out . . . making sure the winners don't get robbed . . . that no one cheats . . ."

"Cheats?" the guardsman shook his head in disbelief. "You must gamble in some strange places, criminal. All our gambling is honest. *Everyone* here is honest . . . all we have to worry about is strangers and fruit-thieves!"

Now it was Starbuck's turn to shake his head. "Honest gamblers? I never heard anything like it!"

By now they had reached the ancient fortress, an imposing stone mass left over from an earlier, less peaceful age. The door stood open, but they knew it was a prison none the less.

"Two . . . no, *three* thieves . . ." Miram said to a hulking jailer at a desk just within the entrance. "Take them below while I go to prepare for the trial . . ." And without another word he disappeared up a shadowy staircase.

"First prisoners I've had since . . . well, first prisoners I've had!" said the jailer, getting to his feet. "Breaks the boredom, I suppose . . . I've always wondered what a criminal looks like . . . and now I've got three!"

"You mean there's no crime here normally?" Starbuck asked in astonishment as the guards began to lead them toward another shadowy staircase, this time leading down into the bowels of the ancient building.

"None whatsoever," the jailer replied. "All I've got is a boring job that keeps me away from gambling for hours on end . . ."

"You have my sympathy," chuckled Starbuck, the *Galactica's* master gambler. "How soon's the trial?"

"About an hour . . . you'll have to excuse the state of the cell, but there didn't seem any point in keeping it clean. You won't be in it long though . . ."

"And who's the judge?" asked Athena, as the winding stone staircase led into a gloomy, torch-lit corridor.

"Miram . . ." the jailer said, as the corridor opened out into a room in front of a heavily-barred cell.

"And do we get a defender?"

"Miram . . ."

"Then who prosecutes?"

"Miram . . . all law and order on Lonn is in the hands of Miram." He ushered them into the cell. "Now *he's* got a good job . . . lots of wages to spend in the casino . . !"

"I'm sure we'll get a fair trial," Athena said dryly, looking round the dusty, cobwebbed cell. Behind her, the door clanged shut, and when she looked round, the jailer was chaining it shut with a huge padlock. The guardsmen left, nodding to the jailer, who went to sit down behind a table across the room.

"Remind me to try my luck in their casinos before we leave," Starbuck said lightly as Athena began untying his hands. "I haven't played an *honest* game for far too long!"

"And you may never again," Athena told him. "The punishment for theft is death. . .!"

"*What?*"

"That's right! And even if we could let the *Galactica* know, by the time they got a shuttle-craft down here, we'd be tried, sentenced and. . . I didn't ask how they execute people around here. . ."

They lapsed into stunned silence then, sitting on the cell's rickety beds. And so they remained for many long minutes, desperately trying to think of a means of escape, until Starbuck stood up, felt in his pockets, and walked, grinning, to the cell-door.

"So your Commander Miram's a gambling man, is he?" Starbuck asked the jailer.

"Of course! Everybody is! But he's really good at it. . .that's how he got his job!"

"He won it on a bet?" Starbuck asked, still surprised in spite of everything. "And is that how you got your job?"

"No. . .I got *this* job because I *lost*. . ."

"Tough luck. . ." Starbuck smirked, pulling a small golden coin from his pocket. "That's the trouble with a loser. . .bet you couldn't even win this. . ."

"Bet I could!" the jailer said hotly, getting to his feet. "What's the bet?"

"I bet. . ." Starbuck paused thoughtfully, ". . .you can't persuade Miram to come down here and talk to me. . ."

"Right. . ." the jailer said, striding toward the corridor. "Have that coin waiting for me when I get back!"

"What's going on, Starbuck?" Apollo asked, as soon as the man was out of earshot.

"Trust me. . ." Starbuck grinned. "Lucky they just took our weapons and didn't give us a full search! Now if I can pull this off. . ."

"You'd better, Starbuck!" Athena said sharply. "Or we could all end up dead!"

But Starbuck had no time to explain before Miram was there at the cell door. "You wanted to see me?"

"Right," Starbuck said, sidling up to the bars and slipping the coin to the jailer as he spoke. "I hear you're something of a gambler. . .my game's dice, what's yours?"

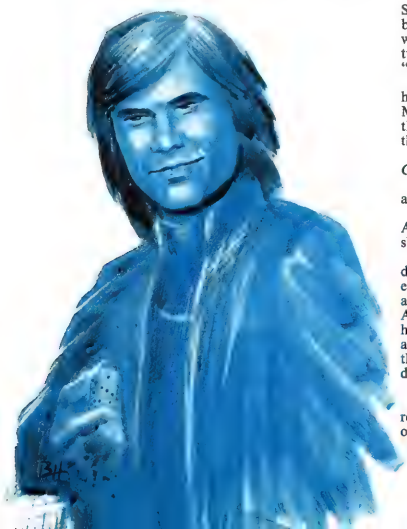
"Dice. . . 'Lucky Dice' Miram they call me. . . because I'm the best!"

"They all say that. . .but I'm betting I can beat you. One throw of the dice and we can find out. . . and if I win, you set us free. . ."

"And if you lose?" Miram said thoughtfully.

"We plead guilty, you save yourself a trial, everybody hears what a great gambler you are. Of course, if you haven't got the nerve, I expect everyone'll hear about that too. . . !"

"All right!" Miram gestured the jailer forward



to open the door.

"You're gambling with our *lives*, Starbuck," Athena hissed.

"Trust me. . ." Starbuck told her. "Like he does. . ."

"Here. . ." Miram pulled half a dozen dice from his pocket as he walked into the cell. "You throw first. . .I like to see what I've got to beat!"

"Hmm, let's have a look at these things. . ." Starbuck said, holding them up in both hands before his face and turning toward the small cell-window. "Well, I guess they're okay," he said, turning back to Miram with a confident smile. "One throw each, me first. . ."

And Starbuck shook the six dice ferociously in his hands, tossing them onto the cell's stone floor. Miram was down on his knees instantly, counting the pips on the upper face of each. "One. . .two. . . three. . .four. . .five. . .six. . . *All in order*!"

"That's right," Starbuck smirked. "Call that a *Colonial flush* where I come from. . ."

"Let them go. . ." Miram said wonderingly, and walked out of the cell without another word.

"Alright, Starbuck, tell us how you did it!" Athena said when they were safely back in the shuttle-craft and heading back into space.

"Oh, it was easy. . ." he grinned, taking his dice from his pocket and holding them three in each hand. "An honest man shouldn't gamble. . . and he should never give his dice to his opponent. All I had to do was hold his dice up in my left hand, like this. . ." and he held his hands up just as he had in the cell, ". . .and let them drop down the sleeve of my tunic, like this. . .and then take *my* dice out of my right hand. . ."

"You cheated him!" Athena cried.

"Of course! I was playing for our lives, remember? And it's not *my* fault he'd never heard of *loaded dice*, was it?"

RALPH McQUARRIE

Production Artist

Ralph McQuarrie first made a name for himself as the production artist on *Star Wars*, designing early versions of Darth Vader, the Death Star and the Storm Troopers. Since then he has gone on to perform similar duties on such science fiction block-busters as *Close Encounters of the Third Kind*, *Star Trek—The Motion Picture* and *Battlestar Galactica*. His work is in great demand but recently he has been turning down all offers or work as he is busy on the new *Star Wars* movie, *The Empire Strikes Back*.

Born in Gary, Indiana in 1929, Ralph McQuarrie lived with his parents on his grandparents' ranch in Billings, Montana until he was ten. Even at that early age he was interested in aircraft. "In those days," says McQuarrie, "biplanes were still flying. I bought model airplanes and put them together. I was never taken up in a plane until I was old enough to buy my own ticket, though."

Even to this day Ralph McQuarrie has a deep love of machines and machinery. Coupled with his love for science fiction it is not difficult to see

how he ended up in his line of work. "The space programme shows me a way you can do things you couldn't do and go places you couldn't go."

Perhaps surprisingly, the young McQuarrie was not artistically inclined at school. "I wasn't really interested in art. I was more interested in working in the aircraft industry. Although I wasn't mathematically inclined I was a good craftsman. I went to a good technical school and learned how to do sheet-metal work and so on which I thought very satisfying.

"I was becoming interested in drawing—mainly to get technical ideas onto paper. And the drawing got to be as interesting as the machinery. I suppose I have always approached drawing that way. As an artist I think like an engineer."

After leaving school McQuarrie concentrated on commercial art, attending night school for technical illustration. "The instructor liked my work and helped me get a job at Boeing, the aircraft company."

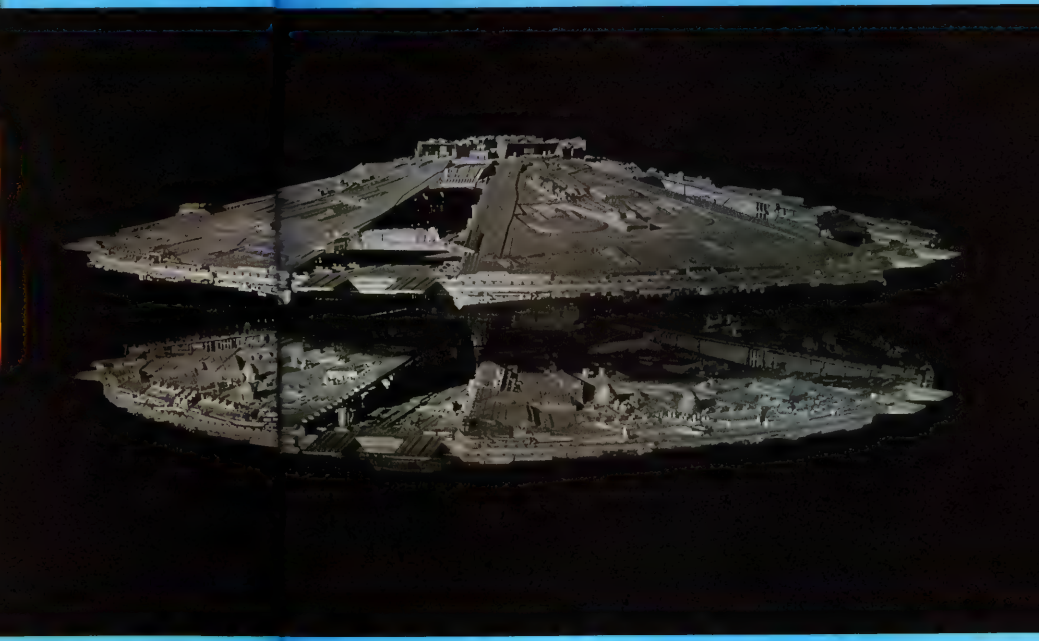
Staying with the Boeing company for a year or two, McQuarrie began to meet other artists. On their advice he made plans to enroll at the Los Angeles Art Centre. But the Korean war started and he was drafted into the American army. After the war McQuarrie rejoined Boeing then made the bold move to Los Angeles, enrolling with the Art Centre and beginning life as an art student. While at the school he switched his emphasis from illustration to advertising, though later in his career he returned to illustration. He recently executed the covers for such books as 'Splinter in the Mind's Eye,' 'The Best of Jack Williamson' and 'The Web of the Chosen.'

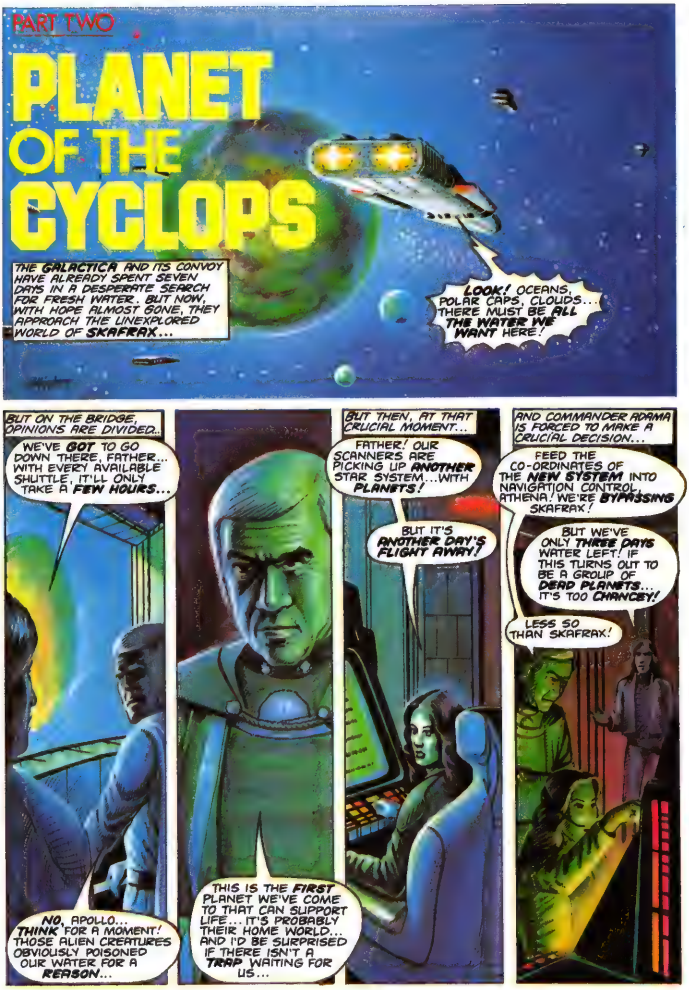
After two years McQuarrie quit the Art School. Scraping together a portfolio of his work and trekked around the San Francisco bay area looking for work. Having only meagre success McQuarrie drifted back to the aircraft industry, doing illustrations of helicopters, soldiers, aircraft firing rockets and so on. After a short spell on this kind of work he switched directions again and landed a job at the CBS tv network on the Apollo project. "I did backgrounds and moving objects in cel animation. It was at CBS that he met people in the film industry—like Matthew Robbins and Hal Barwood, who happened to be friends of a young film-maker called George Lucas.

Robbins and Barwood had worked with Lucas on his earlier film **THX 1138** and were trying to sell a sf screenplay, "Star Dancing". They asked McQuarrie to design concept paintings around the script so that they would have something visual to show producers. Ultimately the project was dropped, but Lucas saw the paintings and remembered McQuarrie. When **Star Wars** began to take shape as a script, McQuarrie was engaged by Lucas to produce four paintings from his script.

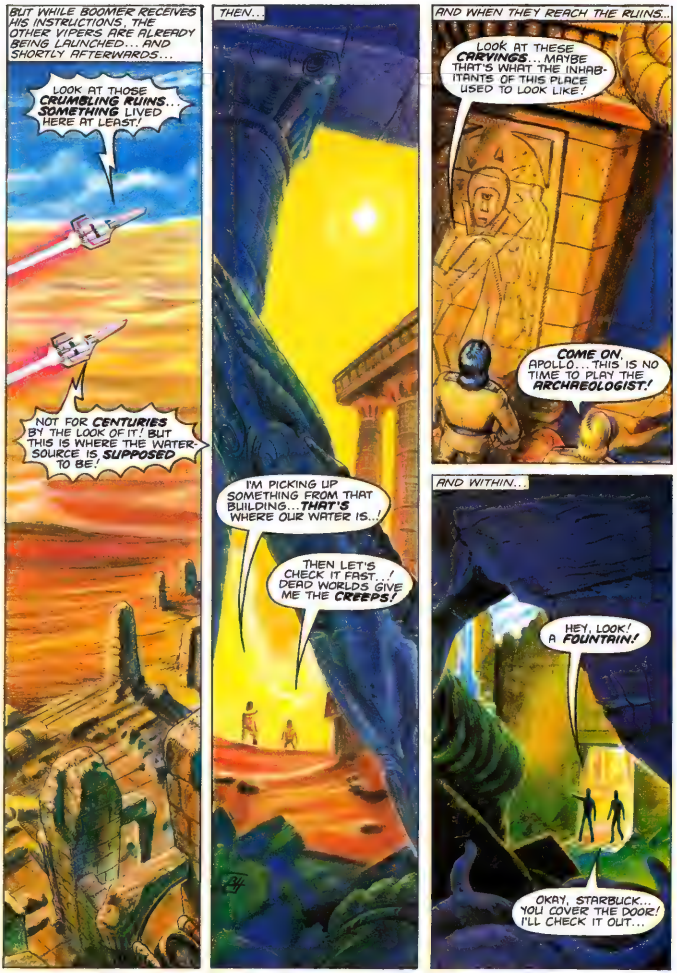
The studios (20th Century-Fox) showed some interest and gave Lucas the go-ahead to have more paintings done. It was the **Star Wars** paintings that really established McQuarrie as a sf designer.

After **Star Wars** came **Close Encounters of the Third Kind**, for which McQuarrie designed the Mother Ship. Then Battlestar Galactica in which he created all the space craft you see in this book. All of which go to prove that Ralph McQuarrie is the best in the business!




PART TWO
PLANET OF THE CYCLOPS
THE GALACTICA AND ITS CONVOY HAVE ALREADY SPENT SEVEN DAYS IN A DESPERATE SEARCH FOR FRESH WATER. BUT NOW, WITH HOPE ALMOST GONE, THEY APPROACH THE UNEXPLORED WORLD OF SKAFRAX...
LOOK! OCEANS, POLAR CAPS, CLOUDS... THERE MUST BE ALL THE WATER WE WANT HERE!
BUT ON THE BRIDGE, OPINIONS ARE DIVIDED...
WE'VE GOT TO GO DOWN THERE, FATHER... WITH EVERY AVAILABLE SHUTTLE, IT'LL ONLY TAKE A FEW HOURS...
NO, APOLLO... THINK FOR A MOMENT! THOSE ALIEN CREATURES OBVIOUSLY POISONED OUR WATER FOR A REASON...
THIS IS THE FIRST PLANET WE'VE COME TO THAT CAN SUPPORT LIFE... IT'S PROBABLY THEIR HOME WORLD... AND I'D BE SURPRISED IF THERE ISN'T A TRAP WAITING FOR US...
BUT THEN, AT THAT CRUCIAL MOMENT...
FATHER! OUR SCANNERS ARE PICKING UP ANOTHER STAR SYSTEM...WITH PLANETS!
BUT IT'S ANOTHER DAY'S FLIGHT AWAY!
AND COMMANDER ADAMA IS FORCED TO MAKE A CRUCIAL DECISION...
FEED THE CO-ORDINATES OF THE NEW SYSTEM INTO NAVIGATION CONTROL, ATHENA! WE'RE BYPASSING SKAFRAX!
BUT WE'VE ONLY THREE DAYS WATER LEFT! IF THIS TURNS OUT TO BE A GROUP OF DEAD PLANETS... IT'S TOO CHANCEY!
LESS SO THAN SKAFRAX!

AND SO, A DAY LATER...
ONLY ONE PLANET WITH AN ATMOSPHERE... AND THAT LOOKS LIKE A DESERT WORLD!
THEN WE'VE MADE THE WRONG CHOICE...!
BUT THEN...
PERHAPS NOT, FATHER! I'M PICKING UP ONE SMALL SOURCE OF WATER... VERY LOCALISED! IT'S PROBABLY NOT MUCH BIGGER THAN A SINGLE WELL!
BUT THAT MIGHT BE ENOUGH!
AND SO, MINUTES LATER, APOLLO, STARBUCK AND BOOMER REPORT TO THE LAUNCH DECK...
NOW, YOU TWO WILL TAKE YOUR VIPERS DOWN AND INVESTIGATE... BUT AT THE FIRST SIGN OF TROUBLE, YOU GET OUT FAST! UNDERSTOOD?
YES, FATHER!
IF IT'S SAFE WE'LL SEND DOWN THE SHUTTLES! NOW, ON YOUR WAY... AND GOOD LUCK!
BUT, COMMANDER... DON'T I GET TO SEE ANY ACTION?
PERHAPS, BOOMER... IT DEPENDS HOW THINGS TURN OUT! LISTEN, THESE ARE YOUR ORDERS...


BUT WHILE BOOMER RECEIVES HIS INSTRUCTIONS, THE OTHER VIPERS ARE ALREADY BEING LAUNCHED... AND SHORTLY AFTERWARDS...
LOOK AT THOSE CRUMBLING RUINS... SOMETHING LIVED HERE AT LEAST!
NOT FOR CENTURIES BY THE LOOK OF IT! BUT THIS IS WHERE THE WATER-SOURCE IS SUPPOSED TO BE!
THEN...
I'M PICKING UP SOMETHING FROM THAT BUILDING... THAT'S WHERE OUR WATER IS..!
THEN LET'S CHECK IT FAST..! DEAD WORLDS GIVE ME THE CREEPS!
AND WHEN THEY REACH THE RUINS..
LOOK AT THESE CARVINGS... MAYBE THAT'S WHAT THE INHABITANTS OF THIS PLACE USED TO LOOK LIKE!
COME ON, APOLLO... THIS IS NO TIME TO PLAY THE ARCHAEOLOGIST!
AND WITHIN..
HEY, LOOK! A FOUNTAIN!
OKAY, STARBUCK... YOU COVER THE DOOR! I'LL CHECK IT OUT...

WELL... IS IT PURE?
SURE! PURE AND FRESH... BUT...
YET SUDDENLY...
HEY! WHERE'D THEY COME FROM? THEY COULDN'T...
DO NOT BE ALARMED! PUT YOUR WEAPONS AWAY...THIS IS A TEMPLE OF PEACE...
I SAW THE CARVINGS OUTSIDE... BUT THEY MUST BE CENTURIES OLD! AND HOW DID YOU GET IN HERE? WHO...?
WE ARE THE GODS OF THIS TEMPLE...
WE ARE IMMORTAL BEINGS... LIVING ON LONG AFTER THE RACE THAT WORSHIPPED US DIED OUT! WHAT BRINGS YOU TO OUR ANCIENT HOME?
WE'RE SEEKING WATER... BUT MY SCANNER SHOWS THAT FOUNTAIN ONLY USES A FEW GALLONS ...RECYCLED OVER AND OVER AGAIN...
WE WILL PROVIDE AS MUCH AS YOU NEED! BRING DOWN YOUR SHIPS... YOUR PEOPLE... WE WILL GIVE ENOUGH FOR ALL!
THERE'S SOMETHING HERE THAT JUST DOESN'T ADD UP...

...SO I'M CALLING YOUR BLUFF!
APOLLO! WHAT IN...?
AUUUGH!
YAARGH!
AND BEFORE THEIR EYES...
THEY'VE TURNED INTO THE SAME SHAPE-CHANGERS WE RAN INTO BEFORE! BUT HOW DID YOU KNOW?
TELL YOU LATER! COME ON, WE'VE GOT TO GET OUT OF HERE!
YET, AS SOON AS THEY REACH THE OPEN AIR...
CYLONS! HUNDREDS OF THEM!
A TRAP! IT HAD TO BE! BUT NOW THEY'VE GOT US PINNED DOWN!
BUT ALL IS NOT YET LOST...
HEY... THAT VIPER! IT MUST BE BOOMER!
AND HE'S REALLY LAYING INTO THOSE CYLON SCUM!
QUICK! WHILE HE'S GIVING US COVER... WE'VE GOT TO GET AIRBORNE!
ADAMA MUST HAVE SENT HIM TO RIDE SHOTGUN ON US!

AND THEN THEY ARE IN THE CLEAR...
COULDN'T WE GO BACK AND WIPE OUT A FEW MORE OF THE VERMIN?
NO, STARBUCK! THE WHOLE SYSTEM'S PROBABLY CRAWLING WITH CYLONS! BACK TO THE GALACTICA... AND THEN WE MOVE OUT!
AND WHEN THEY HAVE RETURNED...
SO NOW WE KNOW THOSE ALIENS ARE ALLIED WITH THE CYLONS! BUT HOW DID YOU KNOW THOSE TWO WERE SHAPE-CHANGERS?
I DIDN'T LIKE THE SOUND OF THEIR STORY ANYWAY... AND THERE WAS NO WAY THEY COULD HAVE GOT INTO THAT ROOM WITHOUT ONE OF US SEEING THEM...
EXCEPT FOR THOSE SMALL HOLES IN THE WALL! THEY MUST HAVE OOZED THROUGH THEM... AND THEN TAKEN ON SHAPES LIKE THOSE OLD CARVINGS WHEN THEY WERE ALREADY IN THE ROOM!
WILL YOU GUYS HURRY! I'VE GOT A FLIGHT OF CYLON FIGHTERS ON MY SCANNER... AND THEY'RE CLOSING IN FAST!
WE'RE ON OUR WAY, BOOMER! AND THANKS FOR THE HELP!
BUT THEN, APOLLO HAS TO MAKE AN UNWELCOME REPORT..
WE FAILED, FATHER! WE GUESSED WRONG... AND NOW THERE'S ONLY A DAY-AND-A-HALF'S WATER LEFT!
THEN THERE'S NO CHOICE... WE'LL HAVE TO GO BACK TO SKARRAX... AND ANOTHER CERTAIN TRAP!

RICHARD HATCH

-alias Captain Apollo

Richard Hatch – Captain Apollo – is a self-confessed science fiction freak. "I just love reading science fiction. The authors sometimes seem psychic – telling you about the future, offering solutions, alternatives. And a lot of sf is very spiritual, metaphysical."

But Hatch takes his work seriously. "There's a reality, a truth, that I have to find in every scene. And whether the drama is set five thousand years in the future or five thousand years in the past, they're still human beings. They feel and think. In **Battlestar Galactica** we're dealing with bizarre situations – alien hardware, different terminology, spaceships – but we're still human beings who hate, love, wage war.

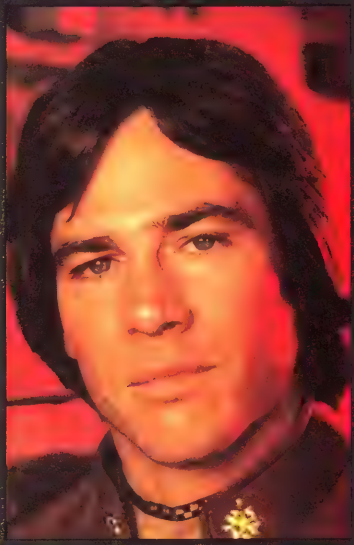
"It's difficult trying to conjure up how a person would react in such unusual situations. That's the hard part; making a reality for yourself.

"Another difficulty is in the texture of the film. It's a blend of drama and comedy, which is a very narrow path to tread. I love the lightness, the comedy, but it's very important that it comes out of the drama, out of the reality of the situation. Camp can be fun but it defeats the reality of the moment.

"In tv I found that corners were cut and we had to settle for less than the best. Not so with Galactica. We still have to work quickly and with limited budgets but the producers are still determined that everything be the best it possibly can. They know that it's the little things that count."

And how does Richard Hatch see his own contribution to the project? "Apollo is a down-to-earth character, able to learn from the past and see the present in a rational way. I don't mean he's psychic – just perceptive. He has a strong sense of responsibility and cares about the people he deals with. Even though he lives in a highly complicated, highly evolved, mechanised society, there's a simplicity about him. He has a strong sense of values and believes in honesty and truth."

It is Hatch's fundamental understanding of the character that gives Apollo his basic integrity. An integrity that would account for his enormous popularity with fans of the **Galactica** series.



GLEN A. LARSON
the man behind Battlestar Galactica

Glen A. Larson, the talented television producer behind the *Battlestar Galactica* series, began his show business career as a musician, performing with the group, The Four Preps. But Larson soon decided that he wanted more than a career as a musician. He left the group and tried his hand at writing scripts for tv. One of the earliest stories he sold was an episode for the successful television series *Twelve O' Clock High*. Next, he sold a screenplay to the series *It Takes a Thief*. The episode evoked such a favourable response from viewers that Larson was appointed to the post of story editor for the show, and by the third episode of that year he had become the series' producer.

Larson then left *It Takes a Thief* to produce the Doug McClure segments of *The Men from Shiloh*. From there his career became a runaway success. In rapid order he developed or created for the tv networks in America, *Alias Smith and Jones, McCloud, The Six Million Dollar Man, Switch, Quincy, The Hardy Boys* and *Nancy Drew Mysteries* and *Sword of Justice*. And for the cinema he produced *Buck Rogers in the 25th Century* and *Battlestar Galactica*.

"**Battlestar Galactica** began with the notion I had about creating a science fiction Wagon Train," states successful tv producer Glen Larson when asked about the birth of one of the most spectacular sf series of recent years. But the idea is not a new one. As long ago as 1964 another equally successful tv producer put forward an idea for a science fiction series that was envisaged as a "Wagon Train to the stars". That producer was Gene Roddenberry and his show — **Star Trek**.

The original Wagon Train tv show was a soap-opera style series that followed the progress of a group of settlers as they made their way across the United States of the last century from east to west in search of a home. **Battlestar Galactica** captured that pioneering essence more successfully than the final version of **Star Trek** ever did. For Galactica has retained the idea of a group of men and women searching for a home. Except that instead of hostile Red Indians and endless desert tracts, Galactica's pioneers must face Cylon warriors and the infinite wastes of space. "The idea of people looking for a home was a key element because it gave us an excuse to explore other planets," adds Larson.

When asked what prompted him to produce a science fiction series Larson had this to say: "I have always been fascinated by more than just "main-stream"

science fiction. I'm really interested by the whole concept of how life began on this planet. I'm not into space creatures and things. I'm more interested in people. So the plot of Galactica pertains not to some kind of conflict between a couple of people off in this other star system, but rather with the kinds of things that might have happened to a mother race out there in the Universe. This mother race might even have been responsible for the population of the Earth."

The obvious question this raises is *Is* **Battlestar Galactica** *set in the dim distant past or in the far-flung future?* "The story could be taking place tomorrow," replies Larson, "or a thousand years from now. The characters could be people just like us or our ancestors. They could be the ones who built the pyramids. By presenting them this way, we want to suggest that there are certain similarities between our people and some

A scene from Glen Larson's Mission Galactica: The Cylon Attack.

of the ancient cultures. These refugees are looking for a planet called Earth because an earlier culture founded that planet. But that doesn't mean it's the culture that's here now. Think in terms of the archeological discoveries of Bimini—those giant stones and highways. How the heck did our ancestors build those things? The rocks they used were just too big for humans to transport. The reason I like Von Daniken so much is that he doesn't say 'this is what happened' but 'this is what *might* have happened'. That is what makes science fiction so truly fascinating."

But doesn't the average viewer find all the obvious similarities to Earth culture just a little corny? "Well, there were some elements that people had a negative reaction to because they were similar to aspects of Earth culture—whether it was a pyramid, or the names of some of the planets. But, of course, we didn't include the similarities by accident. It was all quite deliberate."

And how is the show to be developed? Will a different character be featured in each part like the original Wagon Train show, or will all the characters have equal screen time? "There are nine regular characters in the **Battlestar Galactica** series," replies Glen Larson. "On **Wagon Train** you had important guest stars who would show up to brighten up each story. We have a similar opportunity as well because there are many ships within this fleet. Each week we can be meeting new people. At the same time we've got some very attractive young regulars who will be going off to various places ahead of the ship. They'll get involved in some incredible swashbuckling adventures. We can take our characters and throw them into some of the most incredible situations.

"Within the framework of **Battlestar Galactica** we can go off and do an old-time pirate picture because space pirating is one of the traditional themes. It's contemporary, but it works with that little twist of the future."

Movie Review

Mission Galactica™

The Cylon Attack

The last survivors of the human race, those intrepid warriors of the Battlestar Galactica, engage in fiery mortal combat with the vicious metal-clad Cylons in Mission Galactica: The Cylon Attack, the exciting new space adventure from Universal Pictures.

The original **Battlestar Galactica** scored an immediate box office triumph with its dazzling display of movie magic as a far-flung galaxy became the setting for a fabulous array of special effects. The new film surpasses its predecessor in a breathless presentation of interstellar warfare: metal against metal, exploding in colourful fury, while the fatherly commander of the Battlestar, Adama (Lorne Greene), tries to outmanoeuvre the evil plotting of Count Baltar who seeks to make a final assault on humans and conquer the universe.

Mission Galactica: The Cylon Attack breaks new ground in plot and suspense, with a ruthless Cylon enemy committing stellar kamikaze to set the Galactica aflame. There is also the Galactica's frantic hunt for fuel as she lies helpless in her quadrant. And there is high drama with the critical injury of Commander Adama, and the desperate race to save his life as the Battlestar Galactica is engulfed in flames.

Meanwhile there is the perilous mission of Captain Apollo (Richard Hatch) and Lieutenant Starbuck (Dirk Benedict) who

enter a state of weightlessness to set the explosive charges that will snuff out the flames and save the dying Galactica. There is the dramatic parachute landing on the Cylon base planet of Gomoray of a small group of male and female commanders. Their task is to spread confusion and knock out the enemy assault batteries. And there is the stunning Sheba, the brave young warrior who seeks to be as daring and wise as her father. Commander Cain (Lloyd Bridges), and who resents his love affair with blonde and brave Cassiopea (Laurette Spang).

Glen A. Larson, the executive producer and the man who conceived the whole wonderful world of the Battlestar Galactica, describes the ship as "a city in space, ten times larger than the largest aircraft carrier known today." It is armed with weapons that are not yet even dreamed of, but which may someday play a commonplace role in warfare.

The universe inhabited by the Battlestar Galactica is conceived from a timeless viewpoint – the setting could be one million years from now, one million years ago, or today. It is an infinite cosmos of speed, sound and celestial enchantments. In some ways, like eating drinking and, of course, worrying – it has a lifestyle much like our own. In other ways, it is strikingly different, notably in armaments and transportation, and in some of its inhabitants – like the gleaming chrome Cylon warriors, whose eyes pulsate with eerie beams of red light.

The design, creation and employment of the special effects in **Mission Galactica: The Cylon Attack** required an army of artists and technicians, the most imaginative and productive brains in the business. Besides utilising the huge sound stages at Universal Studios, Hollywood, where millions of pounds worth of computers, flight simulators and blue screen background equipment were installed, the making of the movie required the giant special effects resources of a workshop in Van Nuys, California.

The visual spectacle of **Mission Galactica: The Cylon Attack** with its exploding machinery, intergalactic dogfights against bat-winged Cylon vessels, hurtling Colonial Viper squadrons and the Galactica itself in flames are all-important ingredients of such a sprawling science fiction epic. But these would never work effectively without the counterbalance of the human element as represented by the cast of young and familiar faces.

Richard Hatch, playing Captain Apollo who besides being strike chief is frequently in conflict with the young Sheba's defiance and determination, will be remembered from the original **Battlestar Galactica**.

Dirk Benedict plays the light-hearted, hard-fighting Lt. Starbuck who shares a moment of danger with Apollo as they are almost catapulted into the vast depths of space to orbit for all eternity.

The honourable Commander Adama of the Galactica is portrayed by Lorne Greene, whose presence has illuminated such films as **Earthquake,** and such television specials as **The**

Money Changers and, of course, the long-running series **Bonanza** in which Greene was the kindliest and toughest range father of them all.

In a special guest appearance, Lloyd Bridges, the stalwart of many films and tv series, plays Commander Cain, skipper of the starship Pegaeus, once believed lost but now back in action with the Galactica against the Cylons. A glory-hungry commander who does everything better than the next man, Cain frequently clashes with Adama as they seek to capture fuel from the Cylons to save themselves and their craft from destruction at the hands of their enemies.

Sheba, who proves that even in Galactica's universe, women's rights are the equal of men's, is played by Anne Lockhart, a dark-eyed beauty who can handle a laser weapon or turbo thrust fighter with the best of them.

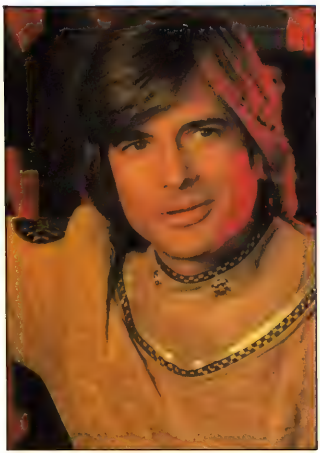
John Colicos, a marvellous villain with the voice and the leer to go with dark deeds, plays the notorious Count Baltar, who enjoys a running verbal feud with his red-sequined Cylon aide, Lucifer.

Mission Galactica: The Cylon Attack is a colourful and action-packed addition to the Battlestar Galactica legend. Let us hope that there will be more.

Mission Galactica: The Cylon Attack (1979) Lorne Greene (*as Commander Adama*), Richard Hatch (*Captain Apollo*), Dirk Benedict (*Lt Starbuck*), Herbert Jefferson (*Sgt Boomer*), John Colicos (*Baltar*), Maren Jensen (*Athena*), Laurette Spang (*Cassiopea*), Tony Schwartz (*Lt Jolly*), Anne Lockhart (*Sheba*), Terry Carter (*Colonel Tigh*), Lloyd Bridges (*Commander Cain*).
Directed by **Vince Edwards** and **Christian Nyby**, Screenplay by **Glen A. Larson, Jim Carlson** and **Terrence McDonnell**, Directors of photography **Frank Thackery** and **H. John Penner**, Story Editors **Jim Carlson** and **Terrence McDonnell**, Music by **Stu Phillips**, Theme by **Glen A. Larson** and **Stu Phillips**, Performed by the **Los Angeles Philharmonic Orchestra**, Produced by **David J. O'Connell**, Supervising producer **Donald Bellisario**, Executive producer **Glen A. Larson**.
Time : 108 minutes
Certificate : U

Athena

DIRK BENEDICT



Dirk Benedict has scored an instant hit with Battlestar fans as the wise-cracking, devil-may-care fighter pilot, Lieutenant Starbuck. But is Benedict as carefree as the character he plays? "I live up to commitments and I'm on time, but I am not a responsible person. I'm not someone who believes one must fit into some sort of system. I have a policy of not making decisions. You don't have to decide what you're going to do, what you're going to be . . . these things will become known to you eventually, and all you have to do is take the right steps.

"You don't have to decide to be in a film. You wait until someone comes to you and says 'Hey, do you want to be in a movie ?'.

"On the other hand, Starbuck is a very excitable person, a passionate con-man. He'll cheat, but he's never malicious or out to hurt anybody. He knows every gambling casino in the galaxy. He's easily distracted in the face of very serious situations, so a large part of him is childlike – even though he smokes cigars. And he's always in trouble !

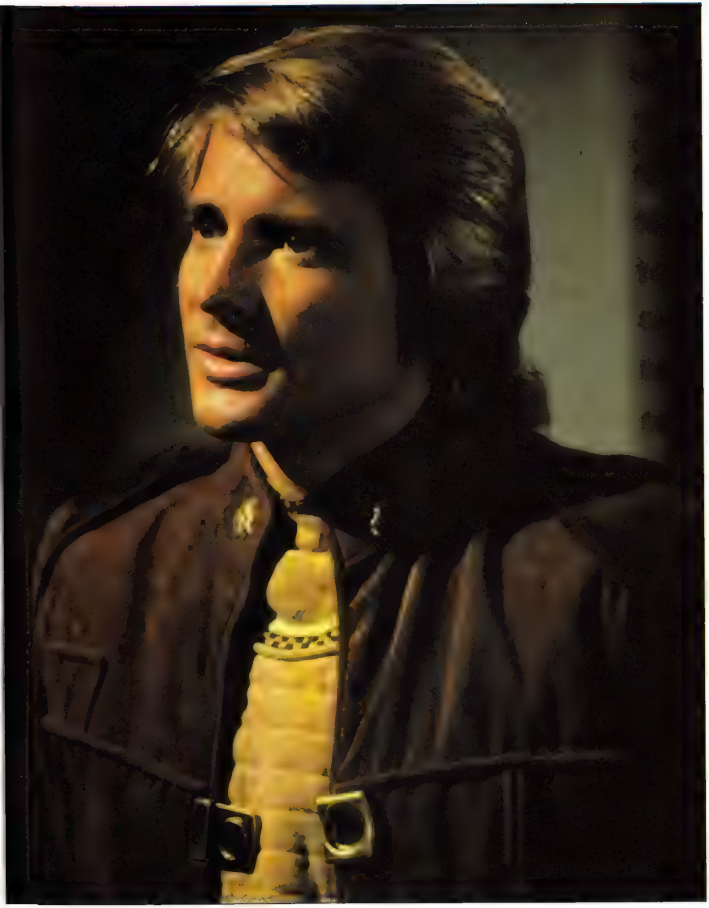
"Galactica has provided me with my first opportunity to play an upbeat character with a sense of humour who enjoys life."

Benedict was born in White Sulphur Springs, Montana, which is a small ranch town. From an early age he was interested in music and learned to play a variety of musical instruments including trombone, piano and guitar. It wasn't until his college days that he became interested in the theatre. In answer to a dare by friends he auditioned for the college production of **Showboat** and landed the lead role of Gaylord Ravanal. "I tried to get out of it but the head of the department wouldn't let me."

As he became more and more involved in the college theatre scene, Benedict found himself less and less interested in his music course. So he switched courses and finally graduated in drama. After that he spent two years at drama school in Michigan.

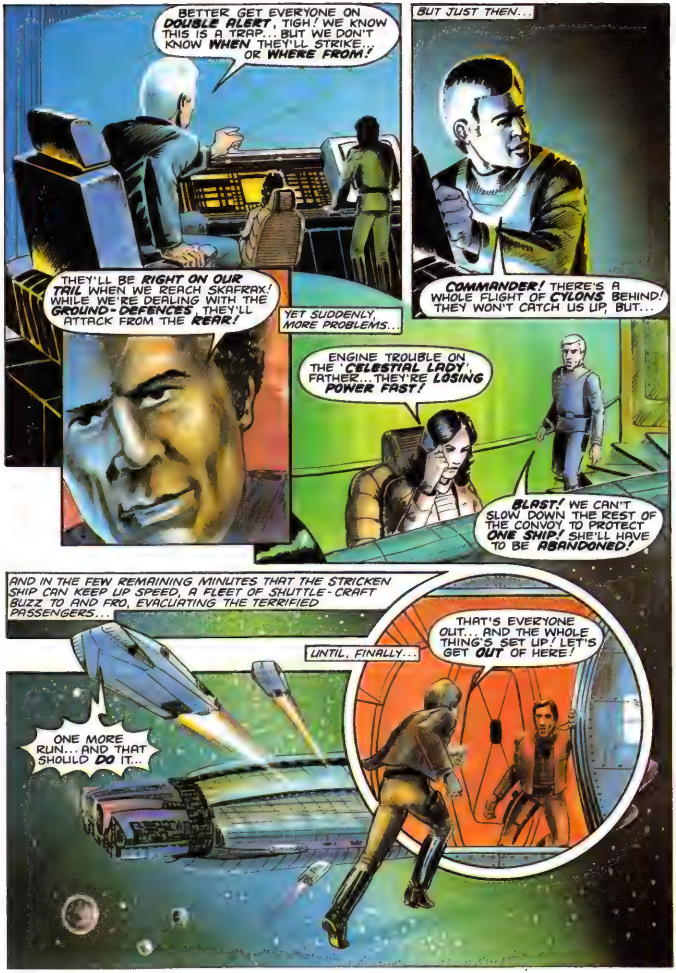
Benedict then spent a hectic few months playing parts in theatre and tv, including a guest appearance in **Hawaii Five-O** and a starring role in the brief series **Chopper One.** Then two years of nothing followed. Finally, fed up with being out of work, Benedict landed a small part in a minor horror film, **Sssss.** From there he auditioned for Galactica and was turned down ! Undaunted he auditioned for the same part again, but somebody remembered him and they sent him packing once more. Meanwhile in the interim the horror film **Sssss** was released and somehow Dirk Benedict managed to convince the Battlestar producers that he was right for the part after all. The rest, as they say, is history !

~alias Lt. Starbuck



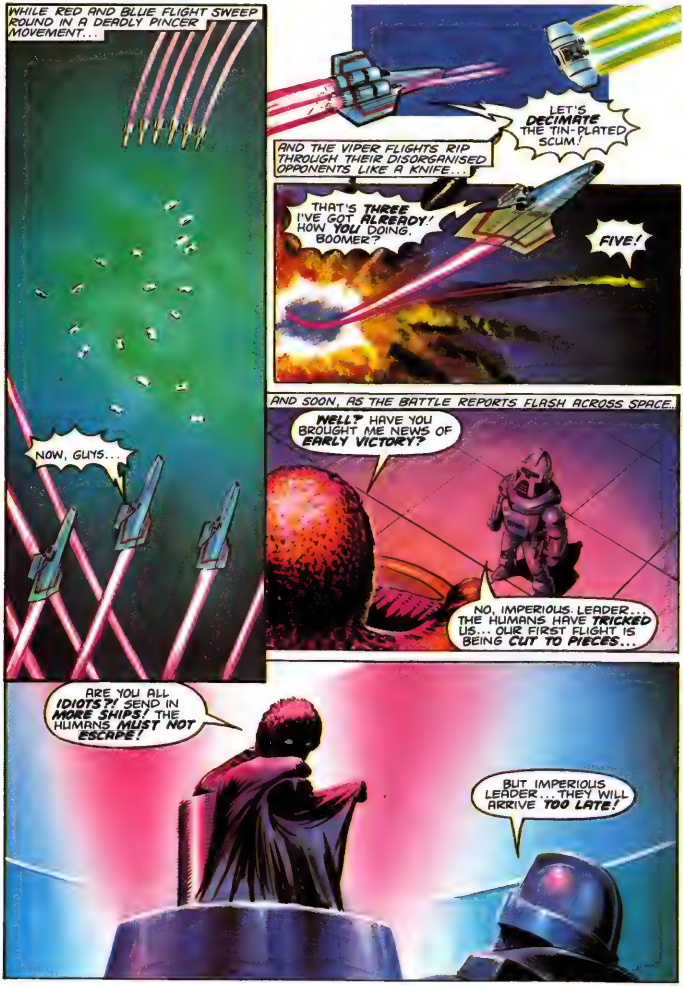
THE CYLONS

SKIRMISH BEYOND SKAFRAX
WHILE THE GALACTICA WITHDRAWS FROM THE PLANET OF THE CYLONS, HUNDREDS OF LIGHT YEARS AWAY...
THE HUMANS ARE BEHAVING AS YOU EXPECTED, IMPERIOUS LEADER! THEY ARE RETURNING TO SKAFRAX!
THEN THE TRAP IS SPRUNG! EXCELLENT!
THEY HAVE TO LAND TO GET WATER... AND WE SHALL ATTACK THEM FROM ABOVE AND BELOW!
OUR SKAFRAXIAN ALLIES HAVE DONE WELL! GIVE THE ORDERS!
AND, NOT FAR BEHIND THE RETREATING GALACTICA, A CYLON MOTHER-SHIP RELEASES A DEADLY BROOD OF FIGHTERS...
ALL HUMANS AND THEIR VESSELS ARE TO BE DESTROYED!
MEANWHILE, AS THE GALACTICA RACES ON, UNAWARE...
BY THE TIME WE REACH SKAFRAX OUR WATER'LL BE NEARLY EXHAUSTED...
SO IT'S, ALL OR NOTHING! WE'VE GOT TO BEAT WHATEVER'S WAITING FOR US... OR IT'S ALL OVER!


BETTER GET EVERYONE ON DOUBLE ALERT, TIGH! WE KNOW THIS IS A TRAP... BUT WE DON'T KNOW WHEN THEY'LL STRIKE... OR WHERE FROM!
BUT JUST THEN...
COMMANDER! THERE'S A WHOLE FLIGHT OF CYLONS BEHIND! THEY WON'T CATCH US UP, BUT...
THEY'LL BE RIGHT ON OUR TRAIL WHEN WE REACH SKAFRAX! WHILE WE'RE DEALING WITH THE GROUND-DEFENCES, THEY'LL ATTACK FROM THE REAR!
YET SUDDENLY, MORE PROBLEMS...
ENGINE TROUBLE ON THE 'CELESTIAL LADY', FATHER... THEY'RE LOSING POWER FAST!
BLAST! WE CAN'T SLOW DOWN THE REST OF THE CONVOY TO PROTECT ONE SHIP! SHE'LL HAVE TO BE ABANDONED!
AND IN THE FEW REMAINING MINUTES THAT THE STRICKEN SHIP CAN KEEP UP SPEED, A FLEET OF SHUTTLE-CRAFT BUZZ TO AND FRO, EVACUATING THE TERRIFIED PASSENGERS...
UNTIL, FINALLY...
THAT'S EVERYONE OUT... AND THE WHOLE THING'S SET UP! LET'S GET OUT OF HERE!
ONE MORE RUN... AND THAT SHOULD DO IT...

MEANWHILE...
RED AND BLUE FLIGHTS— SCRAMBLE!
AND SOON AFTERWARDS...
A STRAGGLER, SIR! SLOWING DOWN FAST!
GOOD! WE CAN SHARPEN UP OUR GUNNERY BEFORE THE BATTLE!
AND THE 'CELESTIAL LADY' DROPS FURTHER AND FURTHER BEHIND... A DRIFTING, LIFELESS HULK...
ARM YOUR WEAPONS! FIRE AT MY COMMAND!
BUT, HIDDEN AND WAITING BELOW THE 'CELESTIAL LADY'S' BOW...
THEY'RE ALMOST WITHIN SHOOTING RANGE, APOLLO! IT'S TIME WE GOT OUT OF HERE...!
RIGHT! CUT IN YOUR TURBOS!

LET'S PUT SOME DISTANCE BETWEEN OURSELVES AND THIS OLD TUB! WE'VE GOT TO BUY SOME TIME!
NO! ALL VESSELS ARE TO BE DESTROYED! CONCLUDE THIS ATTACK FIRST!
HUMAN FIGHTERS! SHALL WE PREPARE FOR EVASIVE ACTION?
AND THE FIRST WAVE OF C'YLONS CLOSE IN, LASER- CANNON RIPPING INTO THE DEFENCELESS FREIGHTER...
AND SETTING OFF A MASSIVE PLUTONIUM BOMB CONCEALED WITHIN HER HOLD!
VA-GOMMPP!
A BLAST WHICH WREAKS HAVOC AMONG THE PURSUING C'YLON FIGHTERS...


WHILE RED AND BLUE FLIGHT SWEEP ROUND IN A DEADLY PINCER MOVEMENT...
LET'S DECIMATE THE TIN-PLATED SCUM!
AND THE VIPER FLIGHTS RIP THROUGH THEIR DISORGANISED OPPONENTS LIKE A KNIFE...
THAT'S THREE I'VE GOT ALREADY! HOW YOU DOING, BOOMER?
FIVE!
NOW, GUYS...
AND SOON, AS THE BATTLE REPORTS FLASH ACROSS SPACE...
WELL? HAVE YOU BROUGHT ME NEWS OF EARLY VICTORY?
NO, IMPERIOUS LEADER... THE HUMANS HAVE TRICKED US... OUR FIRST FLIGHT IS BEING CUT TO PIECES...
ARE YOU ALL IDIOTS?! SEND IN MORE SHIPS! THE HUMANS MUST NOT ESCAPE!
BUT IMPERIOUS LEADER... THEY WILL ARRIVE TOO LATE!

CERTAINLY TOO LATE TO SAVE THE SCATTERED REMNANTS OF THE FIRST FORCE...
KEEP MOPPING THEM UP GUYS! WE HAVEN'T LOST A SHIP YET!
UNTIL, AT LAST...
THEY'RE ON THE RUN! PITY WE CAN'T GO AFTER THEM...
BUT WE'VE GOT TO GET BACK TO THE GALACTICA... BEFORE WE GET LEFT BEHIND!
AND...
WE MADE IT! WE'RE SAFE FROM ATTACKS FROM THE REAR NOW!
FOR A WHILE... BUT THEY'LL BRING IN MORE FORCES... ONLY TWO OR THREE HOURS BEHIND...
WHICH MEANS WE'VE GOT TWO HOURS TO FIGHT A PITCHED BATTLE ON SKAFFRAX... REFILL OUR WATER-TANKS... AND GET OUT OF THERE BEFORE WE'RE CRUSHED BETWEEN TWO FORCES!

From construction kits to Battlestars an interview with model maker KEN SWENSON

Ken Swenson first became interested in model-making at the early age of nine! Like all youngsters he was an avid assembler of plastic construction kits. Even when he left the U.S. Navy in 1964 his love for models had not deserted him. He started working for a wholesale hobby shop. It was through the shop that he obtained his first film work with a tv commercial outfit called Cascade. Swenson then spent two years at Walt Disney making demonstration models for Disneyworld and Disneyland. This led, eventually, to a job at Future General, the special effects company set up by effects technician of **Close Encounters of the Third Kind**, Doug Trumbull.

At Future General, Ken Swenson worked with Greg Kein on the Devil's Tower miniature, building the 10,000 trees which surround the mountain. Swenson also worked on the small flying saucers which appeared early in the film.

Although Ken Swenson enjoyed his time at Future General, working on **Close Encounters of the Third Kind**, as filming drew to a close he actually began to look forward to leaving the company so that he could get started on **Battlestar Galactica** for Universal studios. Swenson was signed up to work with John Dykstra who had worked on the special effects of **Star Wars**.

"I had a weekend off from **Close Encounters** and began work on **Galactica** the next Monday. The first thing they put me on was making moulds for the Cylon Raider ships. These moulds had to be fairly thin as they wanted to be able to blow the ships up. So we used a 'glove' mould which has an inner and an outer core of rubber. This type of mould is used when very thin walls are required. It was possible to place a charge on the underside of a wing and have just that section explode without damaging the whole ship."

After completing the Cylon ships Swenson went on to work on the Battlestar Galactica. "They call them Battlestars because they are so huge – the size of a small city."

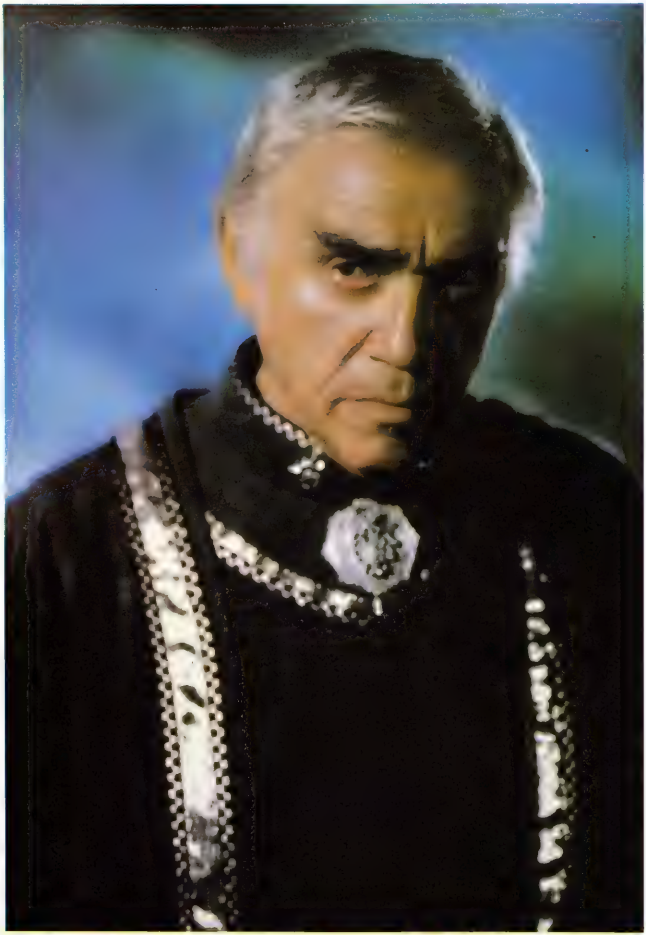
For **Battlestar Galactica** the special effects camera developed by John Dykstra, the Dykstraflex, was used. "I'd say that the Dykstraflex system worked better than the process we were using for **Close Encounters**. Because it was smaller you could do more complicated moves with it. You could get closer to the subject you were photographing. You could plan. You could come right in on the ship to make it look really big. In the opening shot of **Star Wars**, which used the Dykstraflex system, the ship was only about three feet long but it looks gigantic."

Of course, many of the special effects team on **Galactica** had also worked on **Star Wars**. Was there a feeling of trying to outdo themselves with **Galactica**? "I think they wanted to do things differently than they did in **Star Wars**. After seeing both, I'd say that the movements in Galactica were smoother. But that just come with working with the system longer and refining it."

Battlestar Galactica was originally filmed for American tv, which poses a few problems to the special effects technicians used to working in feature film. "The main difference is that you lose 25% of your detail on tv, so the colours we used on Galactica had to be brighter, the details had to be bigger. There wasn't much room for subtlety."

As well as working on the fighters and The Galactica itself, Swenson also helped build some of the rag-tag fleet of spaceships used by the remnants of humanity to escape the Cylons. "We were given a free hand with those ships. So we really had some strange-looking ones. There is one ship in particular that is three film cans in a line – one behind the other. That's the livery ship which carries all the livestock. I did a few of the small ships too. I constructed the Cylon mines you saw in the first film **Battlestar Galactica**."

Since **Battlestar Galactica** Ken Swenson has gone on to build space ships for the American tv series **Project UFO**.



Commander Adama

ENEMY WITHIN

"It's got to be a trap, Commander. . . !" said Colonel Tigh, staring uneasily at the huge screen of the Starfield. "They're *Cylons*, remember?"

"I know that, Tigh. . ." Adama said patiently, pacing back and forth on the bridge and glancing every now and then at the tiny dot of light on the Starfield. "But we're *human*. . .and if someone comes begging for mercy, we don't just shoot them down without a chance. . ."

"That's what *they* did to the colonies. . ." Tigh reminded him, though he knew Adama was only too painfully aware of that. But they had all lost friends and relatives in that holocaust, and Adama knew that no one on the *Galactica*, or in any of its following convoy-ships, would question his motives if he simply blasted the approaching Cylon ship into oblivion as soon as it was in range. And with the Cylons' well-founded reputation for treachery, it might be wiser to do just that.

It was only a lone Cylon fighter with two warriors aboard; and, they said on the radio, a dead commander. That made Adama suspicious to start with, for he had never heard of a case in which the almost mindless Cylons had shown enough free-will to mutiny. And yet the Galactica's long range scanners had picked up evidence of some kind of battle, just before the Cylon ship had broken away and started heading toward them. But Adama knew that that fight could have been staged specially to convince him anyway. The enemy fighter had been on its way toward them for an hour now, and Adama still had not decided what to do.

"It would be easy to abandon them," Adama thought aloud, "but for one thing. . .what they've got to offer in exchange for their lives. . ."

"What they *say* they have," Athena put in, turning from her computer control to look up at her father. She was as grim-faced as he. "But we've no way of knowing if it's true until they get here. . .!"

"Yet if it is true. . .and they really do have a computer-log of all the Imperious Leader's ships, crews, their positions and where they're bound for. . .we'd have a chance of finally slipping through their net. . .breaking through into a free

quadrant of the galaxy. . .maybe getting a chance to start a new life on a new planet. . ."

"I still say we won't have any lives at all if we let those Cylons onto the *Galactica*!" Tigh argued hotly. "They're being sent to us as saboteurs, Commander. I'll bet that fighter-ship's packed with explosives. . .or maybe something worse. . ."

"Then we'll have to make sure they don't get a chance to use them," Adama said, his mind made up at last. He walked over to Athena's position, staring down at the charts and computer-displays before her. "Get them on the communicator, Athena. Tell them to take up this position here. . ." and he stabbed his finger down onto the chart, ". . .and wait for a ship to rendezvous. . ."

"That's beyond the range of the *Galactica's* laser-cannon, father," Athena said worriedly. "We wouldn't be able to give the rendezvous ship cover. . ."

"But it also keeps the fleet out of range of *their* weapons, Athena. So if anything should go wrong, our losses will be small. And as for protection, I was thinking of taking Starbuck and Boomer along in Vipers. They can handle a lone Cylon ship alright. . ."

"*You* were thinking of taking them?" Athena asked in surprise. "You're going *yourself*?"

"It's my decision," Adama said firmly, "So I'll take the responsibility. Apollo and I will go and meet them in a shuttle-craft. . .if anything goes wrong, there'll be a minimum loss of life. . ."

"It's too dangerous, Commander!" cried Tigh, almost angrily. "Of all the people on this ship, you're the one man we can least afford to lose! Let me go instead. . ."

"No. . .!" said Adama, with a cold determination which cut off any further argument. "Prepare a shuttle-craft. . .I'll brief Apollo, Starbuck and Boomer personally. . ." And he turned on his heel and left the bridge before another word could be spoken.

An hour later, a shuttle-craft moved slowly away from the *Galactica*, dwarfed by the giant Battlestar, and curved away toward the black reaches of space. Moments later, two Vipers roared from the launching bays, catching up fast and taking up positions one on either side of the shuttle.

"Starbuck, Boomer. . .please acknowledge. . ." Apollo said, going through routine checks as he prepared to feed their course into the computer.

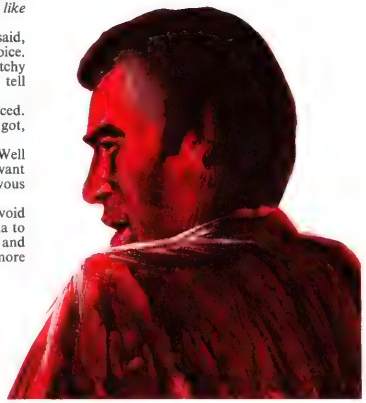
"We're here, Apollo," Starbuck's voice crackled over the radio. "But that doesn't mean we *like* it. . ."

"I'm not asking you to like it," Adama said, though there was a sympathetic tone to his voice. "Just to get on with the job. . .and keep your itchy fingers off the trigger-button! At least until I tell you. . ."

"He'll behave. . ." Boomer's voice announced. "But you know what a mouth Starbuck's got, Commander. . ."

Adama had to smile in spite of himself. "Well he'll just have to keep it closed for a while. I want full radio-silence until we reach the rendezvous point. . ."

And the three ships moved on through the void in silent formation. There was little for Adama to do except watch Apollo at the controls and sit and think. And the more he thought about it, the more unlikely it seemed that two Cylons would run away from their own forces and seek shelter with their worst enemies. The Cylons hardly knew the meaning of the word 'mercy'. . .and yet here they were asking for it. . .apparently. . .



"I still think you're making a mistake, father," Apollo said, disturbing his chain of thought. "They've only got to open up with their lasers once. . .and we lose our Commander!"

Adama smiled thinly. "No, this is the safest part of the whole affair, Apollo," he said, "The Cylons are logical. . .if you were the Imperious Leader, would you think it logical to go out yourself and meet the enemy?"

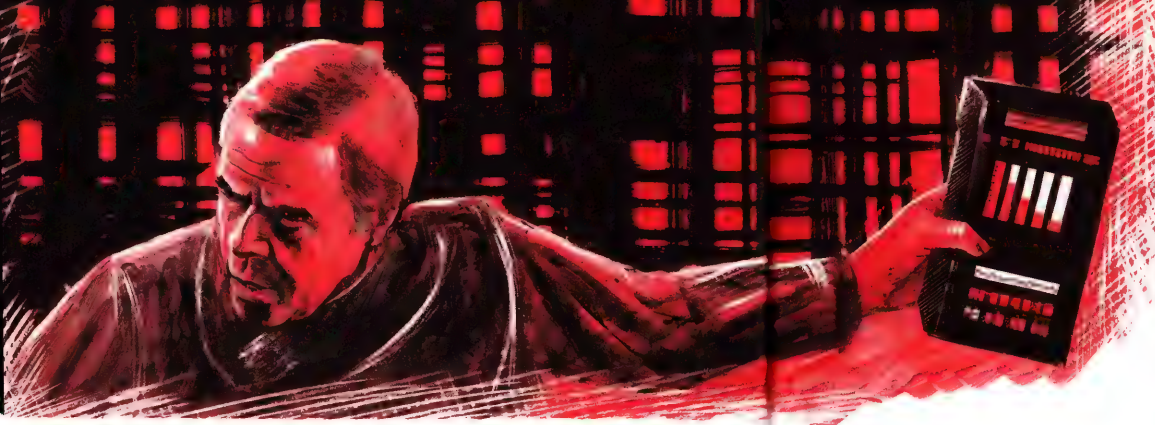
"No, sir!" Apollo grinned.

"Right. . .you'd send out the people you could most afford to lose. So nobody will be expecting *me* to be here. . .just a couple of ordinary men who aren't worth the effort of killing." Adama looked at the forward viewscreen, where he could now see the tiny shape of the Cylon fighter in the far distance, hanging motionless, waiting. "If sabotage is their aim, why bother with one little shuttle-craft? Much better to get on board the *Galactica* itself. . .and destroy that!"

"But it sounds to me," Apollo said slowly, "like you're going to give them the chance to do just that!"

"Perhaps I am. . ." Adama's voice trailed off as he watched the screen. Apollo decided there was no point in pressing his father further.

A few minutes later, they had reached their destination, and the two Vipers moved out on either side of the Cylon fighter, their turbo-lasers



locked on target. The Cylon ship hung still and silent.

"Open a communication channel, Apollo," Adama said, and moments later the two Cylons appeared on the screen. They stared at him in silence, no expression possible on their helmeted faces. That, Adama decided, was what made it so hard to tell if they could be trusted.

"Listen," he began. "I have two Viper-ships positioned close to you. At the first sign of treachery, they'll blast you to fragments! Understand?"

"We understand," one of the Cylons replied, his electronic voice cold and emotionless. "There will be no treachery. We want only to live . . ."

"Move away from the screen so I can see the interior of your ship!" Adama continued, and the Cylons obeyed without hesitation. There seemed to be nothing unusual . . . except for the dead body of the Cylon commander, still laying where he had fallen.

"How can we be sure he's dead?" Apollo whispered, staring at the screen.

"Only by going to take a look at him," Adama replied. "But even I'm not that foolish!" He raised his voice again as he turned back to the screen. "Now show us the computer-log you've brought with you . . ."

And the Cylons complied, unspeaking.

"Well, it's definitely a com-log," Apollo remarked. "But what's on it is anybody's guess!"

"Right, here are your instructions," Adama continued. "You'll leave the viewscreen switched on; then, carrying nothing except the computer-log, you'll move into the air-lock and seal it; then evacuate all the air from the main compartment; we'll rendezvous in four minutes."

"We obey," replied the Cylons, and Adama and Apollo watched them do everything without a fault.

"Wouldn't it have been better to get the computer-log from them first, father? We could examine it and then pick them up afterwards . . ."

"Would you do that?" Adama asked Apollo, "Give up the only thing you've got to barter with? No, they'd never agree! Let's move in, Apollo . . . if they've depressurised the cabin, we'll at least know we've only got the two of them to handle . . ."

Gingerly, Apollo took the shuttle-craft in to dock,bringing the shuttle's airlock precisely into line with that of the Cylon fighter.

Adama pulled out his blaster as the two Cylon warriors lumbered into the shuttle-craft. He moved forward to take the computer-log from them with his free hand, and then gestured toward two seats at the back of the shuttle. "Sit!" he commanded, then backed away, never taking his eyes off them for an instant, and handed the log to Apollo.

"Undock and let's get away from here," Adama told his son. "Then get me Boomer and Starbuck . . ."

The shuttle moved away from the Cylon ship slowly, then angled round and started heading back toward the *Galactica*. Apollo put the controls on automatic, then swung his seat round and drew his blaster, joining his father in watching their captives.

"Now you can have your fun, Starbuck . . ." Adama said, though he was too tense to smile. "Blast that ship into non-existence!"

The Cylons betrayed no emotion as the two Vipers opened up with their laser-cannon, and a moment later the fighter disappeared in a soundless explosion.

"Looks normal enough," Apollo said, regarding the screen. "Their ship wasn't packed with extra explosives . . ."

"And what about you?" Adama said, turning to the Cylons and questioning them directly. "Where are your hidden weapons?"

"We have no hidden weapons," the first Cylon said, unmoved.

"And what about him?" Adama gestured toward his companion.

"He has no hidden weapons either," replied the same Cylon.

Adama had expected no more, and he turned his attention back to Apollo, who was examining the small, cassette-like computer-log.

"The shuttle's computer won't take a Cylon log, father," he said. "We'll have to get it back to the ship before we can find its value . . ."

"Then let's move fast, Apollo . . . I want to get this decided and over with . . ."

Starbuck and Boomer, with their more speedy Viper-ships, had already returned to the *Galactica*, and were waiting in the landing bay when the shuttle-craft arrived. Apollo stepped out first, carrying the computer-log, followed by the Cylons. Adama brought up the rear.

"Starbuck!" he said, holstering his blaster. "Take these two Cylons to a safe place while Apollo and I get to computer-control . . ."

"Alright, Cylon trash," Starbuck muttered, with undisguised hatred. "This way . . ."

"They may be trash, Starbuck," Adama said firmly, "but make sure they come to no harm!" He watched the dark-armoured warriors being led away for a moment, then turned and set off at a run. "Come on, Apollo . . . now we've got to move *fast!*"

Arriving at Computer-control, Adama had barely had time to recover his breath before Eris, the programmer, looked up at him with a serious expression on her face.

"Gobbledygook!" she said simply. "The whole tape's worthless. I'm afraid you've been tricked, Commander . . ."

"So am I . . ." Adama winced inwardly. "Time we had a talk with those Cylons, Apollo . . ."

"At least to the one who does all the talking . . ."

"The one who . . ." Adama was suddenly racing across the room toward a wall-communicator, shouting. "*Starbuck! Get those two Cylons out of the ship! NOW!*"

Adama turned away from the communicator and sagged against the wall, his face colourless. Apollo raised a questioning eyebrow.

"Don't you see?" Adama explained grimly. "*One* cylon does the talking . . . because the *other* one is simply a robot-body packed with high explosives! I should've realised . . . now, if only there's time . . ."

But the whole ship suddenly shuddered and bucked, throwing them from their feet as a mighty roar vibrated through the *Galactica's* armoured shell. "Too late . . ." Adama groaned.

"Maybe not, father!" Apollo said, scrambling to his feet. "I think that explosion came from *outside* the ship!" And he raced to the communicator. "Starbuck! *Starbuck!* Are you all right?"

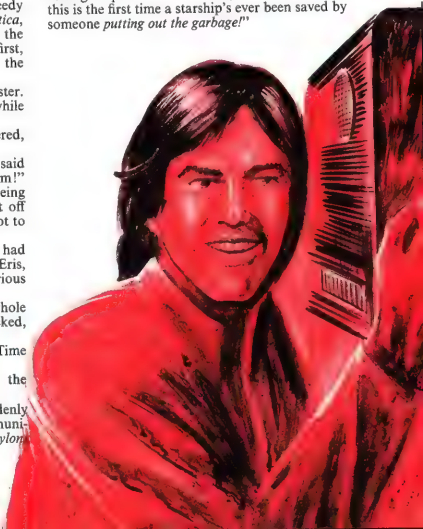
"Oh my head . . ." groaned a distinctive voice from the speaker. It was Starbuck. "Sorry, Commander . . . got a bit shook up by the blast . . ."

"The ship's sustained only minor damage, Commander," Eris put in, looking round from her display panels. "Explosion twenty-three meters outside the port launch-bay . . ."

"But *how*, Starbuck?" Apollo cried. "How did you get them out there so *fast*?"

"Oh well . . ." Starbuck began, and Apollo could imagine him grinning. "You'll never convince me that a Cylon is anything but trash . . . so I decided the safest place I could put them was the *waste-disposal chamber!* And as soon as you said the word . . . I *ejected* them! Straight out the chute and into empty space!"

Apollo laughed briefly with relief, then turned back to his father. "I guess we'd better check the damage reports . . ." he said, ". . . but I think this is the first time a starship's ever been saved by someone *putting out the garbage!*"



LLOYD BRIDGES
alias Commander Cain

Veteran actor, Lloyd Bridges, joins the regular Battlestar cast in Mission Galactica: The Cylon Attack as a legendary spaceship commander, Cain, at odds with the leader of the human fleet, Adama.

Bridges was born in 1913 and was brought up in Boy Springs, North Carolina in the United States. Later his family moved to Peteluma, a small town about thirty miles north of San Francisco. It was while at high school there that he first became interested in the theatre. He was also an excellent sportsman, particularly, in the fields of baseball and basketball.

After school, Bridges studied drama at the University College Los Angeles. There he met his bride-to-be, Dorothy, while they were playing the leading roles in a University production of **March Hares.** After graduation Bridges left for New York to seek his fortune in the theatre.

Finding it difficult to obtain work, Bridges teamed up with several other out of work actors and opened his own theatre in an abandoned iron foundry. He directed and acted in a season of plays there. It wasn't until later, while Bridges was working in summer theatre at Green Mansions in the Catsgills, that he was discovered by Sydney Buchsman, screenwriter and right hand man to Harry Cohn. Bridges was put under contract to Columbia Pictures for seven years at a starting salary of 72 dollars a week.

Bridges made his film debut with a leading role in **Three Latins from Manhatten.** During his seven years with Columbia, Bridges carved quite a career for himself as a character actor in B pictures, though he also worked with such exceptional actors as Ronald Coleman, Gary Cooper, Cary Grant, Paul Muni and Spencer Tracy, and was involved in such movies as **High Noon, A Walk in the Sun, Home of the Brave** and **The Rainmaker.**

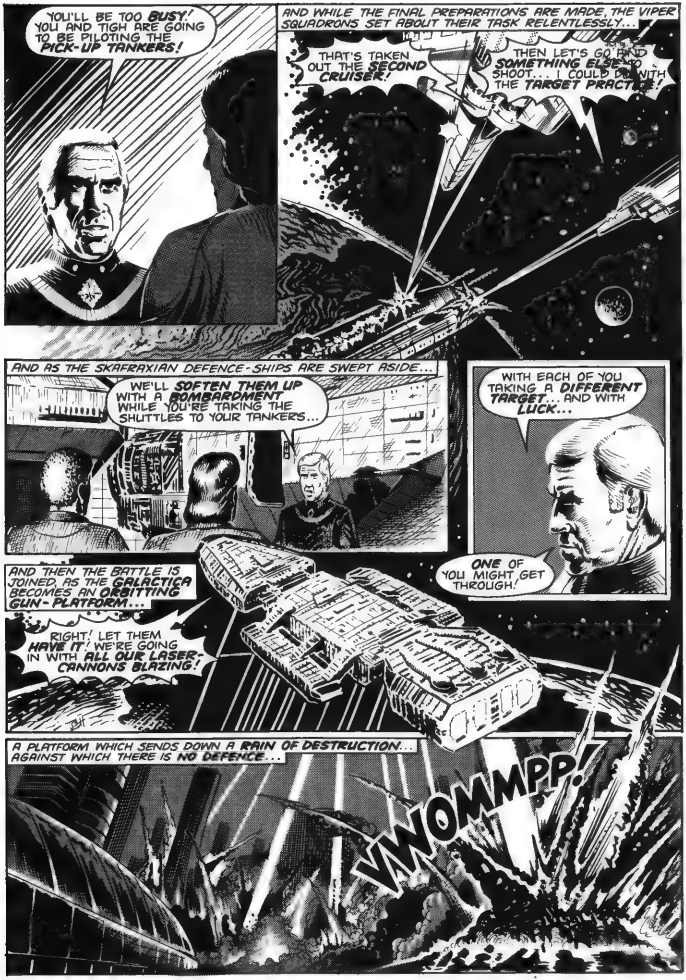
In 1957, after sixteen years as a professional actor, Bridges finally became a household name with a tv series that was seen throughout the English-speaking world, **Sea Hunt.** After four years as Mike Nelson, Bridges was becoming dissatisfied with the format of the show. It had found success as a sort of underwater cops and robbers but Bridges felt it could have been improved with more factual content, rather like the later Jacques Cousteau programmes but with a fictional plotline. The television network did not agree so Bridges decided to leave the show, moving on to star in such series as **The Lloyd Bridges Show, The Loner, San Francisco International Airport** and **Joe Forrester.**

After **Mission Galactica: The Cylon Attack** Lloyd Bridges will be appearing in the feature film version of Alistair MacLean's **Bear Island.**

Boxey & Muffey the Daggit

Cassiopea

PART FOUR
Final Showdown
AS THE GALACTICA, STILL PURSUED BY THE REMORSELESS CYLONS, DRAWS NEAR ITS DESTINATION, TWO SKAFRAXIAN CRUISERS LAUNCH A SUICIDAL ASSAULT...
AN ATTACK WHICH HAS BARELY BEGUN WHEN THE GALACTICA'S HEAVIER ARMAMENT STRIKES HOME...
VOMMP!
THEY CAN'T HOPE TO STOP US WITH THOSE SHIPS! THEY'RE JUST TRYING TO SLOW US DOWN, AND GIVE THE CYLONS TIME TO ARRIVE!
TIGH! ORDER STARBUCK AND BOOMER TO LEAD OUT RED AND BLUE FLIGHTS! I WANT THE SKY OVER SKAFRAX SWEPT CLEAN!
BUT, FATHER...! SHOULD BE LEADING THE ATTACK!


YOU'LL BE TOO BUSY! YOU AND TIGH ARE GOING TO BE PILOTING THE PICK-UP TANKERS!
AND WHILE THE FINAL PREPARATIONS ARE MADE, THE VIPER SQUADRONS SET ABOUT THEIR TASK RELENTLESSLY...
THAT'S TAKEN OUT THE SECOND CRUISER!
THEN LET'S GO FIND SOMETHING ELSE TO SHOOT... I COULD DO WITH THE TARGET PRACTICE!
AND AS THE SKARRAXIAN DEFENCE-SHIPS ARE SWEPT ASIDE...
WE'LL SOFTEN THEM UP WITH A BOMBARDMENT WHILE YOU'RE TAKING THE SHUTTLES TO YOUR TANKERS...
WITH EACH OF YOU TAKING A DIFFERENT TARGET... AND WITH LUCK...
ONE OF YOU MIGHT GET THROUGH!
AND THEN THE BATTLE IS JOINED, AS THE GALACTICA BECOMES AN ORBITTING GUN-PLATFORM...
RIGHT! LET THEM HAVE IT! WE'RE GOING IN WITH ALL OUR LASER CANNONS BLAZING!
A PLATFORM WHICH SENDS DOWN A RAIN OF DESTRUCTION... AGAINST WHICH THERE IS NO DEFENCE...
VWOMMPP!

AND WHICH GIVES COVER TO THE TWO TANKERS AS THEY SET OFF ON THEIR DESPERATE MISSION...
GOOD LUCK, TIGH!
YOU, TOO, APOLLO!
THEN, AS THEY SPLIT UP, APOLLO HEADS FOR THE POLAR REGIONS...
WHILE TIGH HEADS FOR THE EQUATORIAL BELT, ON THE NIGHT-SIDE OF SKAFRAX. BUT...
I'M RUNNING INTO HEAVY GROUND-FIRE! THEY WERE WAITING FOR ME!
THERE'S NO WAY DOWN...
...AND I'M HIT!
SORRY, COMMANDER...CAN'T MAKE IT! I'M PULLING OUT!

AND SO, AS APOLLO REACHES HIS DESTINATION...
YOU'RE ON YOUR OWN NOW, APOLLO! BUT HURRY! WE'VE ANOTHER FLIGHT OF CYLONS COMING WITHIN SCANNER-RANGE!
BUT...
BY THE...! THE LAKE'S FULL OF SKARRAXIANS...ONLY THEY'RE MUCH BIGGER THAN THE OTHERS! GOT TO KEEP ABOVE THEM...OR THEY'LL DRAG ME DOWN!
AND WORSE IS TO COME...
GUN EMPLACEMENTS HIDDEN ALL ROUND THE LAKE! I'VE FLOWN STRAIGHT INTO A TRAP!
STARBUCK! BOOMER! GIVE ME A HAND!
THEY'VE SHOT THE SUCTION TUBE AWAY!
COME ON, YOU GUYS! THIS IS GETTING TIGHT!
OKAY, RED FLIGHT... THERE'RE OUR TARGETS! TAKE 'EM OUT!

AND IN THE BRIEF BREATHING SPACE, APOLLO CAN CHECK THE DAMAGE...
HAVE TO DROP LOWER... BUT THAT'LL BRING ME WITHIN RANGE OF THOSE TENTACLES!
BUT AS HE TAKES THE TANKER DOWN...
IT'S STILL NOT WORKING FAST ENOUGH! THE BLASTED TUBE MUST BE SPLIT!
I'M GOING TO HAVE TO GO DOWN AND FIX IT!
ONLY THING I CAN DO IS TIE IT TOGETHER WITH MY JACKET...
BUT I CAN'T DO THAT AND FIGHT OFF THESE HORRORS AT THE SAME TIME!
AND IF I CAN'T SHOOT, I MAY AS WELL GET RID OF THE BLASTER!
NOW THAT I'VE GOT IT PRE-SET ON OVERLOAD...
IT SHOULD MAKE THE WATER HOT ENOUGH TO BOIL ALIVE EVERYTHING WITHIN TWENTY YARDS!
SSSSSSSSSSSSS!

AND IT'LL BOIL ME TOO IF I FALL IN!
THERE! THINK THAT'S GOT IT!
AND THEN...
NEARLY FILLED UP NOW, FATHER! BE READY TO LEAVE IN TWO MINUTES!
NOT ENOUGH TIME FOR THAT, APOLLO! WE'LL HAVE THE CYLONS ON OUR BACK ANY MOMENT! PULL OUT WITH WHAT YOU'VE GOT!
I'M ON MY WAY! HOPE YOU DON'T MIND THE WATER A LITTLE ON THE WARM SIDE!
DID COLONEL TIGH MAKE IT BACK?
SURE... JUST! IT'S A MIRACLE, BUT WE'VE PULLED OFF THE WHOLE THING WITHOUT LOSS...!
AND AS APOLLO'S TANKER DOCKS, AND THE FLEET BEGINS TO MOVE AWAY FROM THE INCOMING CYLONS...
YOU'RE WRONG, FATHER... THERE WAS ONE REALLY SERIOUS LOSS...
MY FAVOURITE JACKET!
THE END

MissioN GALACTICA™

The Cylon Attack

Grandreams